Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Twenty-seventh Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS CRAVEN.

LOUISA, COUNTESS CRAVEN, was born February 1, 1783: her father, Mr. John Brunton, has long been active in the employment of manager of several provincial theatres, more particularly of that at Norwich: this theatre, however, he has relinquished for some years, and has lately managed, with great success and much reputation, the theatre of Brighton, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and several of the most distinguished nobility.

The elder daughter of Mr. Brunton, and sister of the Countess Craven, (the late Mrs. Merry,) has long been known to the public as an actress of eminent talents, and a lady of much private virtue.

It is now about sixteen years since she left the London stage, having contracted a marriage with Mr. Merry, a gentleman of most respectable talents as a poet, but very unfortunate in his political opinions; more particularly as he suffered them to overheat him at a period when the phrenzy of party distracted every mind and embittered every bosom.

Mr. Merry and his wife passed over to America, and his lady was for some years the heroine of the trans-Atlantic theatre. Mrs. Merry had the misfortune of losing her husband in that country; and we believe, since that period, she has contracted a second marriage.

Louisa, the present Countess Craven, was brought up to the profession of the stage under the superintendance of her father; of whom it is but just to observe, that a man of more good sense, and sober discretion, in his class of life and professional employment, does not exist. As a

father, his affection to his daughters has been manifested in a most scrupulous vigilance over their conduct whilst engaged in that dangerous profession, to which he had educated them, rather from necessity than choice; and it is to his credit, both as a moral and a prudent man, that the propriety of his instructions and the watchfulness of his attentions, in co-operation with the discretion of his children themselves, has not only conducted them safely over this hazardous ground, but has given them a more difficult and less frequent triumph,—a triumph not only above temptation, but above even calumny.

His daughter, Louisa Brunton, made her appearance upon the London stage in the year 1804. Her *debut* was at the Covent-Garden theatre, and the first character in which she appeared was that of *Lady Townly*, in the *Provoked Husband*.

Her success procured her an engagement, and her talents gave her all the popularity she could desire.

In the summer, her father having undertaken the management of the Brighton theatre, he produced his daughter as the principal heroine of those boards; and the house being smaller, and more adapted to the compass of her powers, than a London stage, her popularity at that fashionable watering place was very great, and was not endangered by any rivalry.

It was at Brighton, we believe, that Miss Brunton first became the object of the honourable solicitations of Lord Craven. These early devoirs of gallantry were, by the prudence of her conduct, soon exchanged for affection; and have, at length, to the satisfaction of all who had the pleasure of the acquaintance of either, terminated in marriage.

When the first engagement of Miss Brunton expired at Covent-Garden, she was re-engaged by Mr. Harris, at an advanced salary, for three years; which engagement, we believe, has been completed.

As an actress, her powers were rather pleasing than powerful; she had much elegance, and never failed in any character from a want of a due comprehension of it. By the prejudice of a most fascinating person, she became a favourite in every part before she had delivered one word of the dialogue; and such was her modesty, her decorum, her good sense, and propriety, that every character which she filled, if not expanded to the highest excellence of dramatic powers, never failed to give pleasure.

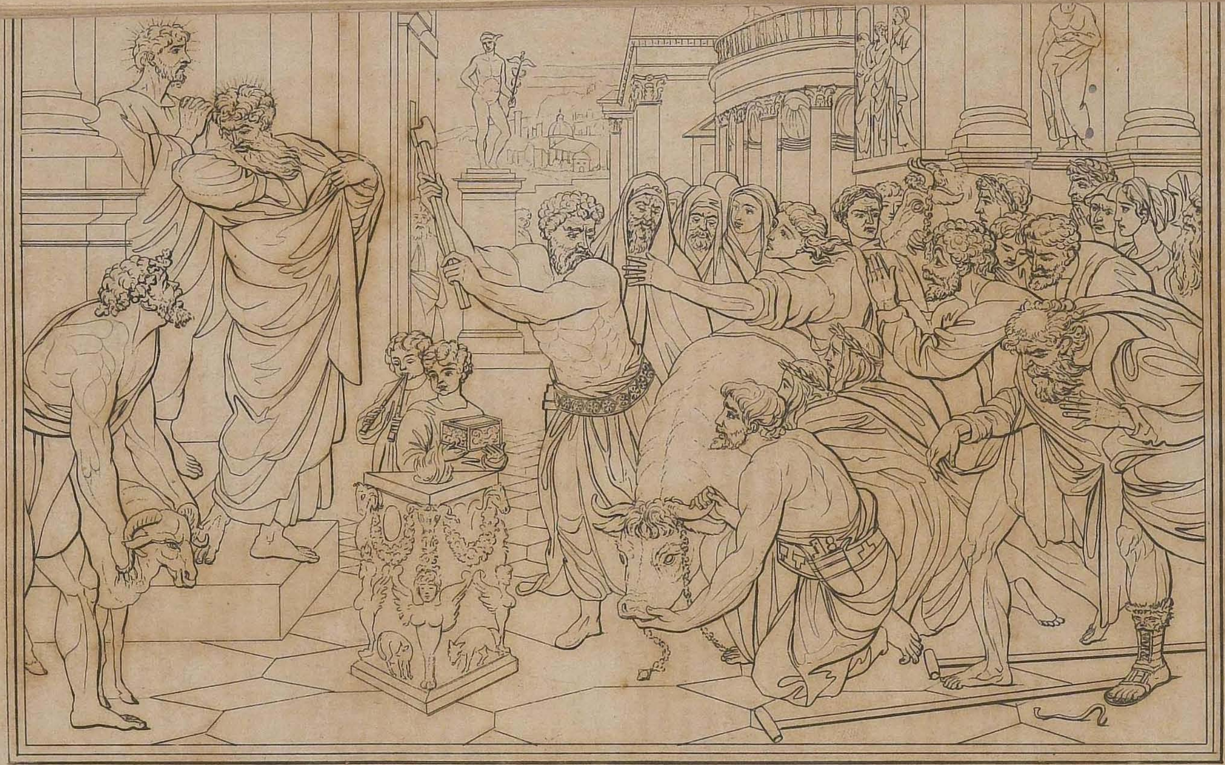
In the part of *Lady Townly*, which Miss Brunton had successfully studied, she invariably satisfied those who had been accustomed to see it in the hands of a Farren and an Abington.—But the character in which she has been most popular is that of *Miranda*, in the *Tempest*.—Nothing could be more chaste and delicate than her performance of this part.—She was, beyond a doubt, the best *Miranda* who has appeared upon the stage for many years.

It is unnecessary to describe the person of this lady, as she has been seen so often upon the boards of a public theatre; but a few words, with respect to her other qualities, may not be unnecessary.

Her temper is mild and equal, and distinguished for an invariable pleasantness: she is well accomplished, and of a prompt and elegant mind.—She is unpretending; without vanity; without arrogance; studious of decorum; cautious of propriety; and of a general disposition and candour which her present elevation is more likely to expand than to contract; more likely to improve into dignity, courtesy, benevolence, and affability, than to deprave by affectation, or inflame by pride.

She is an affectionate daughter; a compensation of gratitude which she justly owes for the signal care with which she has been educated.

Her ladyship has a brother, Mr. J. Brunton, still upon the stage.—He is a very respectable performer; is married, and has a large family.



THE SACRIFICE OF PAUL, TO BARNABAS.

Publiſhed by John Bell, Proprietor of the Weekly Meſsenger, Feb.ʸ 1. 1808.

B. West P.R.A. pinx.^t J. Mitan sculp.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THE ARTIST.

No. I.

Including the Lives of British Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. was born in the year 1738, at Springfield, Chester county, Pennsylvania, in America. His ancestors were a branch of the West family who were distinguished in the wars of Edward III. In the reign of Richard II. they settled at Long Cranden, in Buckinghamshire, where they resided till about the year 1667, at which period they embraced the quaker principles, which were then in the infancy of propagation. It is believed that the first of the family who adopted quakerism was a Colonel James West, an officer much distinguished in the battle of Worcester, and by his attachment to the republican party, which at that time prevailed over the monarchy. A letter from the celebrated Hampden to this gentleman is still upon record.

In the year 1699, the greater part of the family removed with William Penn into Pennsylvania, on his second visit to that province; and his grandfather and grandmother (on his mother's side) accompanied that great and benevolent man in the first visit he made to that new country in the year 1681.

In the year 1714 Mr. John West joined his brothers and relations in Pennsylvania, where he married, and the present Mr. West is the youngest son of ten children which he raised in that country. Mr. West's love for painting shewed itself at an early age, and at sixteen, with the consent of his parents and friends, he embraced it as a profession. In the town of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and the cities of Philadelphia and New York, he painted many portraits, and several historical pictures, with considerable success, till he attained the age of twenty-one, when the produce of his industry, and the predominant desire of acquiring excellence in historical painting, carried him to Italy, the great depositary of the ancient and modern arts, and the most favourable school for genius.

In the year 1760, Mr. West left the city of Philadelphia and embarked for Leghorn. War was then raging between England and France, and the ship in which he sailed stopped at Gibraltar, till a proper force could be appointed to convoy it to the place of its destination. The first in command to that convoy was Captain Meadows, of the Shannon frigate, who, during the passage to Leghorn, rendered Mr. West and two of his companions every attention which the civility and politeness of a gentleman could bestow, and which laid the foundation of that friendship which has subsisted ever since, between Mr. West and Captain Meadows, now Lord Newark.

From Leghorn Mr. West proceeded to Rome. From the house of Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, of the factory of Leghorn, he procured recommendations to Cardinal Albani, and others of high distinction in that city. Through this recommendation he was introduced to Raphael Menges, Pompio Battoni, and most of the celebrated artists in Rome; and was yet more fortunate in the intimacy he formed with Mr. Wilcox, the author of the much esteemed Roman Conversations. The kindness of this gentleman, and that of the late Lord Grantham, then Mr. Robinson, procured him an introduction to all that was excellent in the arts, both of the ancient and modern school; and the distinguished taste of those liberal and enlightened men, united to their own classical information, laid the foundation in the mind of Mr. West, on his first entrance into the seat of his profession, of that sublime and philosophical taste which has enabled him to enrich England with the various productions of his pencil.

The sudden change from the cities of America, where he saw no productions but a few English portraits, and those which had sprung from his own pencil, to the city of Rome, the seat of arts and taste, made so forcible an impression upon his feelings as materially to affect his health. The enthusiasm of his mind was heated with what he beheld, and oppressed at once by novelty and grandeur, the springs of health were weakened, and he was under the necessity of withdrawing from Rome in a few weeks, by the advice of his physician, or the consequence might have been fatal to his life.

Mr. West returned to Leghorn, and was received into the friendly protection of Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, in whose house he remained several months. He experienced likewise the most flattering attention from the English consul and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, since Sir John Dick, and was received with distinguished hospitality by the governors of the place, and others of the Italians. His mind was thus relaxed by friendly intimacy and society, which, together with sea-bathing, restored him to health and to the prosecution of his studies in Rome. He here fixed his mind upon the most glorious productions of ancient and modern art, and the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Poussin engaged most of his attention; but he was again compelled to withdraw from his studies, owing to the loss of health, and to return to his friends at Leghorn. The air and society of this place again restored him, and by the advice of those in whom he most confided, he proceeded to Florence instead of Rome. He here recommenced his studies with increased ardour in the galleries and the palace Pietie, and was a third time arrested in his progress, and relapsed into an illness which confined him more than six months to his bed and room, during which time he was under the necessity of submitting to a surgical operation in one of his ancles, where the fever had settled. In this delicate operation Mr. West was greatly indebted to the skill and attention of the celebrated surgeon Nanona, to whom we have often heard him confess that he owed the preservation of his leg, if not his life.

During the long confinement occasioned by this painful malady, our young artist received marked attentions from Sir Horace Mann, the English minister at Florence, the Marquis of Gereni and Ricchardi, the late Lord Cooper, and many of the British nobility. The love of his art and the emulation of excellence triumphed over every pain of body and oppression of mind; and in the severest paroxysms of sickness Mr. West never desisted from drawing, reading, and composing historical subjects. He had a frame constructed in order to enable him to paint when obliged to keep his bed, and in that situation he amused himself by painting several ideal pictures and portraits. When he was sufficiently recovered to bear removal, and to be carried out to enjoy the fine air of the Bobeli gardens, his youth and an excellent constitution united, so that nature soon made a complete restoration of his health; and in order to confirm and establish what was so happily begun, he was recommended by his friends to travel. A gentleman from Leghorn, an Englishman of considerable talents and classical education, accompanied him to Bologna, Parma, Mantua, Verona, and Venice, in which cities he made himself acquainted with the paintings of the Caracci, Corregio, Julio Romano, Titian, and the other celebrated masters of the Venetian and Lombard schools, the chief productions of whose pencils were to be found in the abovementioned cities.

After completing a tour which enriched his mind with the fruits of observation, and invigorated health by change of place and diversity of object, Mr. West returned to Rome, having been absent from that city more than twelve months.

He painted about this time two pictures; the subjects were Cimon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Madoro. He composed likewise several other subjects from the poets and historians, all of which were viewed with much complacency by the professors of art, as well as by most of the connoisseurs. But the enthusiasm and industry with which our young artist pursued his profession again made ravages on his health, and illness was again attacking him. To secure, therefore, this primary blessing, he embraced the opportunity of an English gentleman's departure for London, and united with him in that journey to visit the native country of his ancestors. He availed himself likewise of this opportunity to revisit Parma on his way from Italy, in order that he might finish his copy of Corregio's celebrated picture (the St. Gerolemo) which he had left incomplete through illness on his first introduction to it.

From Parma he extended his tour to Genoa and Turin, inflamed with a curiosity to examine the esteemed pictures of the Italian and Flemish masters, which those places are distinguished for possessing.

Having now taken an extensive survey of the treasures of modern Italy, and completed himself in those schools, as far as observation

concurring with genius and industry has a tendency to complete the artist, Mr. West was desirous of a yet wider survey, and grew unwilling to quit the continent till he should have exhausted whatever was left worthy of inspection. The French ground was still untrodden; he therefore proceeded through Lyons to Paris, in which he remained till he had made himself acquainted with the best productions of the art which France could at that time boast. He passed most of his time in the superb palaces of that city and its environs, in which the paintings of most repute were congregated, and in August 1763 he arrived in London.

We have thus traced Mr. West in his continental progress, and have omitted nothing of importance during his stay in Italy. It was now his turn to take a survey of the state of the arts and of the modern collections in Great Britain: for which purpose, in the autumn of the same year in which he arrived in England, he visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Storehead, Fonthill, Wilton, Langford, near Salisbury, Windsor, and Hampton-court. This tour, performed, like those in Italy and France, for the purpose of completing his knowledge of the paintings of the eminent masters, introduced him to all the works of art in the above mentioned places, particularly the picture by Vandyke of the Pembroke family at Wilton, and the Cartoons by Raphael at Hampton-court.

Having completed this excursion, it was the intention of Mr. West to return to America, and take up his residence in the city of Philadelphia; thither to import the knowledge which he had collected in the various schools he had visited, and to practise his profession with as much honour and emolument as the slender patronage of America could afford. It is unnecessary to investigate the causes which retarded his departure, and which shortly afterwards induced him to fix upon England as the sphere to be occupied by his genius, and enriched by the various productions of his pencil. The arts which had been long languishing in this country from the want of patronage and encouragement, received upon the accession of his present Majesty the most distinguished notice and approbation. The time was now arrived in which the English artist was to step forward, in order to challenge comparison with those of Italy and France, and, exempting himself from the servility of mannerism and the constraint of schools, to lay claim to a palm of higher and more durable merit. The country which supplied all Europe with many of the luxuries, and most of the conveniencies of life, whose merchandize occupied an extent unequalled by any other nation on the globe, was now about to add to her other means of wealth a new source of commerce, and, along with her hardware, her woollens, and broad cloths, to traffic in pictures and engravings with those countries from which she had been so long contented to be supplied. To the politician and the œconomist, who question the influence and use of the fine arts in society, and who allege that they lock up a great portion of the wealth of the country in mouldering and unproductive canvas, it will be sufficient answer to refer them to the receipts and entries at the custom-house: they will there find what a channel of commerce has been opened to other countries, and what a prodigious saving has accrued to our own.

In April 1764 the exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architecture opened for the inspection of the public, at the great room in Spring-gardens. By the express wish of Mr. Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua, and Mr. Richard Wilson, our young artist was induced to send thither the two pictures painted at Rome, and a whole length portrait of General Monckton, which he had painted during the winter in London, for that distinguished officer himself. The favourable reception of those pictures by the artists and the public, together with the earnest intreaties of his friends, induced Mr. West to remain in England. In the course of that year the amiable lady with whom, previously to his departure from Philadelphia, he had contracted an affection, left that city in company with his father, and joined our young artist in London: they were immediately married, and settled in the metropolis.

The artists who united in 1760 to form an exhibition of their works at the great room in Spring-gardens, became incorporated in the year 1765. Mr. West was immediately chosen member and appointed one of the directors. He drew at their academy in St. Martin's-lane, and became one of their constant exhibitors, till the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, which was established under the patronage of his present Majesty, in the year 1768. Mr. West was graciously named by his Majesty as one of the four artists to wait upon him and submit to his inspection the plan of the institution. This plan happily received the royal approbation, and the King commanded the deputation to take every step in their power to accelerate the establishment. The names of these gentlemen, besides Mr. West, were, Mr. Chambers, afterwards Sir William

Chambers, Mr. Moser, afterwards first keeper of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Coates.

In the year previous to this event Mr. West had been honourably mentioned to his Majesty by Drummond, the then Archbishop of York, on his finishing for that worthy prelate the picture of Agrippina landing at Brundusium with the ashes of Germanicus. In order, therefore, most effectually to serve Mr. West, the archbishop introduced him, together with that picture, to the King; a circumstance which gave his Majesty his first knowledge of Mr. West, and so favourable an opinion of his talents, as to determine his royal master to employ him. His Majesty was pleased to commission him at that time for the picture of Regulus, which was the first painting exhibited by Mr. West on the opening of the Royal Academy in 1769. And here we cannot avoid remarking, what our readers will perhaps consider as worthy of observation, as we ourselves think it of astonishment and national gratitude, that, from the exhibition in Spring-gardens in 1764 to the exhibition of last year 1807, Mr. West has not omitted a single year in the exposition of his works for the public entertainment and instruction. We flatter ourselves, moreover, that it will be highly serviceable to our readers, and particularly to artists, and all such as take an interest in the arts, to present them with a correct and authentic catalogue of the pictures, and their subjects, which Mr. West has painted during that period; when it will be found to constitute a whole which, as proceeding from the pencil of an individual, has no parallel in the annals of painting, if we consider the number, size, and extent of their composition in figures, and their great diversity of matter. This list given at the close of the biography will justify the assertion.

Mr. West, in his tour through France and Italy, had frequent reason to lament the degraded state to which he found the arts reduced, as well as the degenerate patronage in those countries, in comparison with that which had formerly raised them to their greatest dignity in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The imbecility in the choice of subjects, which he found the pencils of professors employed to execute, were of a piece with the degraded minds of those who commissioned them. The legendary register was ransacked, and became the fountain from which the genius of the painter drew; while the mechanical arrangement of academical figures, converted into saints, angels, cupids, and seraphim, forming contrasted groupes on earth and in heaven, as well as in purgatory and hell, exhibited throughout Italy the ultimate of fallen patronage and degraded art. In France the debased state of painting and patronage was yet more deplorable: there it was humiliated to cherish and stimulate the lascivious passions, and the gaieties of frivolity and shew. At Rome, indeed, Menges and Hamilton; and at Paris, Greue, Vernest, and Vien, were exceptions to this degraded taste; and in England, the manly exertions of Reynolds and Wilson, and the original genius of Hogarth, with several others, had conferred upon the arts a portion of that lustre, chastity, and dignity which did themselves and their country honour.

To delineate historical events in painting with perspicuity and dignity, is one of the most impressive powers which is given to man. Historical painting has been justly called the *epic* of the art, as it demands the greatest sublimity of genius, and the strictest accuracy of judgment, the most extensive knowledge of nature and her works, as well as of the best human productions in poetry and science; and, above all, it requires that rare quality which has been denominated so well by a modern writer, "the philosophy of taste." Painting speaks an universal language; the poetry of a nation is frequently locked up in the language of that nation; the music of one people does not always please the ears of another; but painting being a copy of general and unchangeable nature, must, according to the justness and accuracy of its representations, appeal in an uniform manner to the feelings of all mankind. How necessary must it therefore be that such a powerful instrument of good or evil, should fall into proper hands, and be employed for worthy purposes. In that philosophical and moral point of view, Mr. West has ever considered the department of the art which he had embraced as a profession, and in this sense he ever understood and wished to employ it. He had observed that the early efforts of painting in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were directed to the same pious and beneficent ends as poetry; that they were employed to instruct men in their duty towards God, by delineating passages from scriptural events, as transmitted by prophets and apostles. He therefore contemplated, whilst studying his profession, its real utility when enlisted under the banners of morality and philosophy; and he likewise observed, that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries its powers were cherished by a proud patronage and a princely liberality, to call forth what would most dignify religion, philosophy, and morality, and that it did by these exertions raise itself to such excellence and glory, that whole states,

communities, and individuals, were proud of their illustrious men in the arts, and emulous of possessing their works. To the encouragement of this generous passion many fortunate circumstances had concurred. The munificent patronage of the house of Medici, at Florence, and its influence under Leo X. in the pontifical seat at Rome, advanced those efforts which had been making in the arts for the three preceding centuries, to the highest perfection, in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The wars and intestine commotions with which Italy was soon after distracted, together with the imbecility in the minds of those who succeeded in the following centuries, caused that proud patronage to decline, and with it the art of painting. Those who then directed the powers of the pencil lavished its efforts and attention on legendary tales, till the more discerning part of mankind became wearied with its imbecility, and disgusted by its productions. Mr. West observing the degraded state of painting in Italy and France, and its employment to inflame bigotry, darken superstition, and stimulate the baser passions of our nature, resolved to struggle for a recovery of its dignity,—for its moral and pious uses, and to lay out his emulation and industry to restore to it a portion of its former splendour. The patronage of his Majesty happily concurred with this his primary desire, the encouragement of Drummond the then Archbishop of York, the honourable Thomas Penn, and the energies of his own mind. He was thus enabled to give to the world the pictures of Agrippina, Regulus, Hannibal, Wolfe, and Penn. In these pictures are exhibited feminine and conjugal affection to departed greatness, invincible love of country, heroism, and a rectitude of justice. The fine prints from these pictures engraved under the inspection of Mr. West, by Erlum, Green, Woollett, and Hall, were spread by a commercial intercourse throughout the civilized world; and the subjects being real facts founded in history, exhibited to man's view what dignified and ennobled his nature, so that the more discerning part of the public in England, France, Italy, Germany, and America, became awake to their real powers.

This victory of the painter will always be recorded in the arts; it was in truth, a conquest over those many difficulties which had so long fettered painting. It broke down and put to flight those licentious abuses of the art, at the same time that it dissipated the prejudices which had long prevailed, that modern dresses could not be admitted into pictures, of which heroism and dignity were the characteristics. By the painters of the last century all subjects were made to bend to the Greek and Roman dresses. This practice was convenient when no more was looked for in a picture by the employer or the painter than the effect to be produced in the folding of the draperies, and the distribution of the light and shade.

From the æra of these pictures of Wolfe and Penn, for an æra it undoubtedly forms in the art of modern painting, we must fix a revolution in the dressing of figures in historical pictures, not only in England, but in Italy, France, and other countries, where the art of painting is cultivated. Mr. West has ever considered that the purpose of all art is to promote virtue, and that it is the duty of every man to leave the world better than he finds it; that the chief duty of the historical painter is to instruct mankind in honourable and virtuous deeds, by placing before them the bright examples of their predecessors or contemporaries, and by transmitting the memory of their virtues through a long succession of generations. Such are the objects of painting which have inclined the good and wise in all countries to esteem the character of Mr. West, and to appreciate with justice those historical compositions with which he has enriched the world. It was for this that Mr. West was so honourably distinguished by the first men in arts and science, as well as by the lovers of arts in Paris, when he went abroad with his youngest son to visit the national gallery of the arts in the autumn of 1802. He was received among them as a man who had conferred an honour on his country; and they bestowed upon him the appellation of the "Reviver of the Dignity of Historical Painting;" adducing as examples the pictures of Regulus, Wolfe, Penn, &c.

[*To be Continued.*] P. 52.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

BY B. WEST, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS Picture may justly be considered as forming an æra in the Art of Painting, since its revival in Great Britain. The Painter has selected an illustrious event of our history, and treated it with a correspondent dignity.

The death of Wolfe is not the death of a common man: it is the death of a hero in the moment of triumph; magnanimous and tranquil; and submitting with resignation to that fate which sealed, with his own blood, the superiority of the British name, and the triumph of his country's arms.

We see him expiring on the heights of Abraham, in North America, in the midst of Heroes like himself, surrounded with every marked appendage of American warfare, and with all the characteristics of Britons in the year 1759.

If we descend to a more particular examination of this illustrious work of Art, we must observe in a proper analysis of its composition, that it is divided into three groupes; being the proper number to be employed in all historical compositions, as best suited to sustain the necessary balance and harmony of the figures that are introduced.

These groupes are firmly bound and connected together by the figures and action in the back ground. The center groupe is composed of the dying hero; the surgeon administering to his wound, and the officers hanging over him with compassionate tenderness. The second groupe is composed of some other principal officers, amongst whom is General Monckton, the second in command; the General is severely wounded, but all concern of his own wound seems absorbed in compassion for the fate of his superior officer.—From this groupe the triumph of the day is announced to the dying hero.

There is one figure which must not be passed over without notice: it is that of the American Chief. This figure serves to particularise the scene of action, and mark it for North America; at the same time he exhibits a most impressive singularity of feeling as contrasted with the other officers. There is nothing of sorrow or compassion in the face of this savage; he gazes intently upon the countenance of Wolfe; with an eager wonder and satisfaction at observing his fortitude under his wound; and curious to see how a GREAT MAN WOULD DIE! Simple death seems to this man an occurrence unworthy of regret; but the death of a great hero inflames his curiosity, but without exciting his compassion.

The third groupe is composed of the Grenadier and his comrade. Nothing can be more complete than the figure of the Grenadier; his sorrow is not the more tranquil and dignified sorrow of an officer; it is the unrestrained sorrow of a magnanimous heart lodged in a subordinate bosom; it is the blunt, honest, unpolished regret of a British soldier.

The countenance of Wolfe, upon which all eyes are fixed, has been rendered with great success by the painter.—It is marked with the triumph of victory shining through the agony of death; his face has nothing of the contortions of pain; it is expressive of sublime heroism, and a most noble resignation.

The "Death of General Wolfe," will long be recorded as a victory by the painter over some of the most stubborn prejudices of the Art. From the æra of this picture we must fix a revolution in the dressing of figures in historical composition, not only in England, but in Italy, France, and other countries, where the art of painting is cultivated. It dissipated the prejudice which had so long prevailed, that modern dresses could not be admitted into pictures of which heroism and dignity formed the characteristics.

Over a prejudice so rooted and established, which the public had adopted, and artists and men of taste united to confirm, the pictures of Wolfe and Penn have been triumphant; and the British hero and American legislator, in these pictures, stand confessed by all as equal to the Greeks and Romans. Falsehood being thus chased away, an axiomatical truth of painting has been established by the labours of Mr. West, that the dress of a picture has no influence over the passions of the mind: it may add to the picturesque, and be made ornamental, but it gives no movement to the energies of the soul. This innovation has been extensive and undisputed, and no painter in Europe is now bold enough to dress his figures in a picture contrary to the costume of the age and country in which the event that he delineates took place.

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

This celebrated artist died some weeks ago at Rome. She had been long known in England as an eminent painter, and was equally cherished for her talents abroad. Some slight biographical sketch of her will not therefore be out of place.

Angelica Kauffman was born in the year 1740, upon the Lake Constance, in Switzerland. Her father was a painter, and pursued his profession at Milan, in Italy, with tolerable success. He was chiefly employed in portraits; but his works were, in truth, of a very indifferent character; and though he destined his daughter for his profession, she was not likely to benefit much by her father's example.

Her attachment to the art began to appear very early in life, and the promises of her youth were auspiciously hailed by the amateurs of that part of Italy. But it is worthy of remark, that her genius and her taste, at this period, were no less conspicuous in music than in painting; and such was her early proficiency in these sister arts, that her father and friends were long in doubt to which of the two she should be professionally educated.

Painting was at length fixed upon, and she procured letters of introduction to Raphael Menges, who was then employed at Rome.

When she reached Florence, she understood that Menges had left Rome for Spain. At this period she was introduced to Mr. West by the Marquis Cherini, one of the great patrons of art in Italy. Mr. West was then copying from the ancient masters in the Gallery of Florence, and it was from him that she received her first knowledge of the principles of composition, the importance of outline, and likewise of the proper combinations and mixtures of colour.

Having spent some time at Florence she removed to Rome; and by the advice of some English gentlemen she came to England.

It is unnecessary to follow her minutely through her professional life. It will be sufficient to observe that, upon the etablishment of the Royal Academy, under the patronage of his present Majesty, she was one of the first members elected into that body, and continued her connection with the Society to the day of her death.

In England, Angelica painted with great success and equal rapidity. She had many admirers and patrons amongst all ranks; her pencil was for many years in constant employ. Her pictures, being extremely well suited to ordinary comprehension, and the general taste, were much sought for by the engravers, and a large body of her works were engraven by Ryland, which became popular both in England and upon the Continent.

Bartolozzi and Burke have likewise engraven many of her pictures; indeed a collection of them is to be found in the port-folios of most collectors of industry.

Her general character as an artist is not difficult to give.

She was certainly the first of her sex which the ancient or modern School of Arts has hitherto produced. There is no female painter who can stand in competition with her name. Her eminence in the art, above all her sex, cannot be disputed.

The pencil of Rosalba was that of a feeble copyist; a delineator without accuracy; a colourist more gaudy than magnificent,—without splendour, without truth.

She had not the creative powers, or any thing of that superior skill of composition which distinguished Angelica.

Of Elizabetha Sirani, the pupil of Guido, the same may be said. She was the scholar of a master who invariably ruined all that copied after him. What in Guido was sweetness and delicacy, became in his imitators feebleness and languor.

It was the just pride therefore of Angelica to excel every female who had taken up the profession; but if we compare her with the rival sex, we must greatly abate the encomium.

To give her character therefore in a few words, we shall observe that all her works had a feminine and pleasant style of composition which invariably delighted. Her outline was not very bold, but generally correct; her figures were graceful, but perhaps somewhat monotonous and insipid, and her men and women were too much alike.

Her draperies were designed with much delicacy and taste, and were pleasingly varied to her respective characters.

Her conception of character, with some necessary allowances for her sex, was generally just; and though her acquaintance with the ideal was not very extensive, nevertheless in whatever she did invent, if she could not reach excellence, she seldom failed to give pleasure.

Her colouring was gay and brilliant. She had little knowledge of landscape, and seldom gave more than a common back ground to her figures.

In a word, the great excellence of her pictures is a feminine softness and pleasant *tout ensemble*; their great defect is a spiritless beauty, and insipid monotony.

In some silly remarks in the newspapers, she is called an imitator of Poussin, in the fashion of her draperies, and the style of her colouring. She might with equal justice be called an imitator of Michael Angelo, or of Reubens.

There is nothing in her draperies which resembles those of Poussin: there is nothing in them of the broad flow, and severe majesty of the antique; and that classical precision, and sober grandeur which belong to the elegance of ideal drapery.

The draperies of Angelica are the light, female fashions of a tasty mind; full of grace, and airiness; loose, elegant, and fanciful.

The draperies of Poussin formed always a part, sometimes the principal part of his characters; but the draperies of Angelica belonged not to the characters but to the forms; though always pleasing, and perhaps just, they were bestowed without any peculiar nicety of characteristic appropriation.

She clothed the body without fashioning its costume to the resembling qualities of the mind.

Her colouring approached to the colouring of Poussin somewhat less than her draperies; it was invariably gay and pleasing; it had no single quality of the heroic and sublime. It has no more the colouring of Poussin than the colouring of Tintoret or Claude.

TENANTS PAYING THEIR RENTS TO THE SQUIRE'S STEWARD.

BY DAVID WILKIE.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we introduce to public notice the third marked picture of this distinguished Artist.

The scene of this picture is laid in a large room, which seems to have been dressed up for the occasion of receiving the tenants with attention and respect. In one part is a large table covered with an ample supply of old English fare—the genuine produce of ancient hospitality. At this table are the Farmers, their wives, and children, who have paid in their rents, and are partaking of the Squire's bounty. Not far from this scene, is another table manifestly prepared for tenants of a higher class. —At this table it is evident the Squire himself will preside, from the elegance of its decorations, its plate, cut glass, silver knives and forks, and its neatly folded napkins, which form a pleasing contrast with the more homely but substantial equipage of the other tables. The other parts of the room are decorated with flowers in vases, particularly about the chimney, and round the family clock.—The large fire, with the favourite dog stretched on the hearth rug, together with the dress of the tenants, mark the time of the year to be the Christmas quarter.

But the great feature in this picture is that of the Squire's Steward, seated at the table for transacting the business of the day. The tenant, immediately settling with the steward, has laid down his gold in rows, which he is counting to him. There are evident marks on his countenance that he pays it with reluctance. The countenance of this sulky paymaster is contrasted with that of a venerable tenant, who is emptying his purse on the table with complacency and good humour. His appearance denotes that he has grown old on his farm. Near him sits a woman who has come to pay her rent, with a young child, and a girl about seven years old, who seems to have been properly tutored by her mother how to behave herself in the Squire's house.

There are several figures yet to be noticed round the table,—one or two in particular, who are puzzling their heads about a receipt which the Steward has given them, with a suspicion that it wants accuracy.

The third groupe, which forms the centre of the picture, is composed of tenants seated, patiently waiting till it comes to their turn to pay. In this groupe there are two characters more particularly worthy of notice.—The first is that of a man who is hectic, and out of health, wrapt in a cloak, and in the act of coughing. The other is that of a tenant evidently negligent in his person, and, as we may conclude, equally negligent in his farm.

Such is the just analysis of this excellent work, and we are happy to say, that it unites character and drawing with colour and effect, and does the highest honour to this distinguished artist.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SUPPLEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY;

OR, RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The following pages comprise a concise account of the most remarkable animal emigrants. Two species of rats, are the only quadrupeds which migrate. Most birds are, in some measure, birds of passage, so that, by reason of their vast number, it is not intended to say any thing about them here. Crabs and locusts, are the principal insects; and herrings, pilchards, and eels, the most numerous among fishes.

Crabs, lobsters, &c. are placed by Linnæus among insects, because they have *antennæ*. There are in general two in all insects; but some kinds of crabs have four. They are crustaceous, jointed and moveable in every part, in which they differ from the horns of other animals; they are organs conveying some kind of sense, but we have no idea what this kind of sense is.

A few miscellaneous particulars relative to natural history are added: and at the conclusion, a description of the immense snowballs which are sometimes seen and felt on the Alps and the Pyrenées.

RATS.

The Lemming rats *(mus Lemnus)*, before the setting in of the winter, leave their haunts in Norway and Lapland, and emigrate in immense multitudes southward towards Sweden, always endeavouring to keep a direct line. These emigrations take place at uncertain intervals, though generally once every ten years: and exposed as they are to attack, they of course become the food of all the predaceous animals. Multitudes are also destroyed in endeavouring to swim over the rivers or lakes. From these different causes very few of them live to return to their native mountains, and thus a check is put to their ravages, as it takes several years to repair their numbers sufficiently for another invasion. They are bold and fierce, so as even to attack men and animals, if they meet them in their course; and they bite so hard, as to allow themselves to be carried to a considerable distance, hanging by their teeth, before they will quit their hold.

If they are pursued or disturbed while swimming over a lake, and their phalanx is separated by oars or poles, they will not recede, but keep swimming straight on, and soon get into regular order again. They have sometimes been known even to endeavour to board, or pass over a vessel. This army of mice moves chiefly by night, and makes such destruction among the herbage, that the surface of the ground over which they have passed, appears as if it had been burnt.

The multitudes that are found dead on the banks of rivers, and other places, infect the whole atmosphere around by their stench, and thus produce putrid diseases.

They never enter any dwellings to do mischief, but always keep in the open air, and they feed entirely on vegetables. When enraged, they raise themselves on their hind-legs, and bark like little dogs. Sometimes they divide themselves into two parties, attack each other, and fight like two armies. They breed several times in the year, and produce five or six young at once. Sometimes the females bring forth during their migrations; and they have been seen carrying their young in their mouths, or on their backs.

Notwithstanding the ravages which these animals commit in the fields, their presence always indemnifies the inhabitants; for when they begin to file off, from the northern provinces of Sweden, the natives catch vast numbers of foxes, bears, martins, weasels, and ermines, because all those animals, which follow their prey the rats, expose themselves to become the prey of men. The rat-skins would make valuable furs, if they were not so tender and so easily torn.

In the history of quadrupeds, with figures engraved on wood, by T. Bewick, this animal is called the Lemming, or Lapland Marmot. From the description we select the following particulars: "It is somewhat less than the common rat.—Myriads of them march together; and, like a torrent, which nothing can resist, their course is marked with ruin and desolation. Neither fire nor water prevents their progress. If thousands are destroyed, thousands supply their place. When they have nothing more to subsist on, they are said to separate into two armies, which continue fight-

ing and devouring each other till they are all entirely destroyed. Wherever they come from, none return. Their course is predestined; and they pursue their fate."

The pious Bishop Pontoppidan has left us the form of the exorcism which the Romish clergy adapted to banish these and other plagues from the countries infested by them. It was equally efficacious against rats, mice, worms, birds, locusts, &c.—Wormius has also inserted in one of his works printed in 1653, the formula of the conjurations, which have so far retained their virtue that they are as good now as they were then.

The economic rats *(mus œconomicus)*, migrate annually in as extraordinary a manner as the Lemming. In the spring, says Dr. Grieve, in his history of Kamtschatka, they collect together in amazing numbers, and proceed in a direct course westward, swimming with the utmost intrepidity over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea. Many are drowned, and many devoured by water-fowl and rapacious fish. Those that escape, on emerging from the water, rest a while to bask, dry their fur, and refresh themselves; they then continue their journey, and about the middle of July reach the place of their destination; a distance of about a thousand miles. The numbers are so great, that travellers have sometimes waited two hours to let them pass. They generally return in October, but the cause of their travels is not known.

Olafsen thus relates the manner in which this species of rats cross the rivers of Iceland, in their foraging excursions. "The party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; then, by their united strength, drawing it to the water's edge, they launch it and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails hanging in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders."

CRABS.

The land crabs *(cancer ruricola)*, are natives of the Bahamas, and of most of the other islands between the tropics. They live in the clefts of rocks, the hollows of tress, or in the holes they dig for themselves in the mountains. About the months of April and May, they annually, in a body of some millions at a time, descend to the sea-coast in order to deposit their spawn, and at this season the whole ground seems alive with them. They march in a straight line to the place of their destination, and seldom turn out of their way on account of intervening obstacles; if they get to a river, they wind along the course of the stream.

They are as regular in their procession as an army under the direction of an experienced commander, being generally divided into three battalions. The first of these consist of the strongest males, which march forward to clear the route, and face the greatest dangers. The main body is composed of females, which are sometimes formed into columns of fifty or sixty yards broad, and three miles deep. The first division is often obliged to halt from want of rain, and the females never come from the mountains till the rains have set in. Then the rear-guard follows, a straggling undisciplined tribe, consisting of males and females, but neither so robust nor so vigorous as the former.

They proceed chiefly in the night; but if it rains during the day, they always profit by it. When the sun is hot they halt till the evening. When terrified, they run back in a confused and disorderly manner, holding up and clattering their nippers in a threatning attitude. If in their journey any one is so maimed as to be unable to go on, some of them always fall upon and devour it. They march very slowly, being sometimes three months or more in gaining the shore.

When arrived at the coast they prepare to cast their spawn; for this purpose they go to the edge of the water, and let the waves wash over their bodies. They then withdraw to seek a lodging on land. The spawn is now excluded in a bunch from the body, and adheres to the barb under the tail. This bunch becomes as big as a hen's egg, and resembles the roe of a herring. In this state they again seek the shore for the last time, and shaking off the spawn in the water, leave accident to bring it to maturity. About two-thirds of the eggs are devoured by the shoals of fish which annually frequent the shores in expectation of this prey. Those that escape, are hatched under the sand, and millions of the little crabs may be seen quitting the shore, and slowly travelling up to the mountains.

The old ones in their return are feeble, lean, and so inactive that they are scarcely able to crawl along, and their flesh at this time changes its colour.—Many of them are obliged to continue in the level parts of the country till they recover, making holes in the earth, which they block up with leaves and dirt. In these they cast their old shells, and continue afterwards nearly motionless for six or seven days, when they become so fat, as to be delicious food. They afterwards march slowly back to the mountains.

They subsist on vegetables, and, except impelled by the desire of bringing forth their young, seldom venture out of their mountainous retreats. At this season, the inhabitants of the islands where they are found, wait in eager expectation of their descent, and destroy some thousands of them. They disregard their bodies, and take only the spawn which lies on each side of the stomach, within the shell, about the thickness of a man's thumb. They are much nicer eating on their return, when they have cast their shells. They are taken in the holes, and also sought for by night when on their journey, by torch-light. The instant the animals perceive themselves attacked, they throw themselves on their back, and dreadfully pinch whatever they can lay hold on. But the experienced crab-catcher seizes them by the hinder legs, so that the nippers cannot touch him.

The largest measure about six inches across the body. They are distinguished from other species of crabs by having the first joint spinous, and the second and third furnished with tufts of hair.

LOCUSTS.

The migratory locusts *(gryllus migratorius)* are found in Syria, Persia, and almost all the southern parts of Asia, in such immense clouds, that their ravages are regarded as a calamity as dreadful as volcanos and earthquakes are to other countries. The whole earth is at times covered with them for many leagues. The noise they make, in browsing on the trees and herbage, may be heard at a great distance. Whenever their myriads spread, the verdure of the country disappears, as if a curtain had been removed; trees and plants, stripped of their leaves, and reduced to their naked boughs and stems, cause the dreary image, winter, to succeed in an instant to the rich scenery of spring. When the locusts take their flight, they literally hide the sun and darken the air. This calamity is the inevitable forerunner of famine, and all the maladies it occasions.

Southerly winds drive these insects into the sea, wherein such quantities of them are sometimes drowned, that when their carcases are thrown on the shore, they infect the air to a great distance for several days.

Clouds of locusts frequently light upon the plains of the Noguais, in little Tartary, not far from the Black Sea; they choose the millet-fields in preference to any other, and ravage them in an instant. Their approach obscures the horizon, and the cloud produced by the immense multitude of those animals, shades the sun. If the Noguais, who cultivate the land, are sufficiently numerous, by their agitation and their shouts, they sometimes succeed in turning the storm another way; if not, the locusts settle on their fields, and there form a layer of six or seven inches in thickness. To the noise of their flight follows that of their devouring labour; it resembles the pattering of hailstones, but its effects are much more destructive. Fire is not more active; and not the least vestige of vegetation remains after the cloud has taken its flight again, to produce new disasters in other places.

The Black Sea swallows up most of these clouds of locusts when they attempt to fly over that barrier.

The last accounts we have of these insects, are by Mr. Barrow, who mentions the innumerable multitudes that infested Southern Africa, in 1797. He says, that in the part of the country where he then was, the ground was covered with them, as he was informed, for an area of nearly two thousand square miles. The water of a very wide river was scarcely visible on account of the carcases that floated on the surface, drowned in the attempt to get at the reeds which grew in it. This year was the third of their continuance, (or rather, as they live only a year, the third generation without interval), and their increase, according to Mr. Barrow's account, had far exceeded that of a geometrical progression, whose ratio is a million!

For ten years preceding their present visit, this district was entirely free from them. Their former exit was somewhat singular; all the full-grown insects were driven into the sea by a tempestuous wind, and were afterwards cast upon the beach, where they formed a bank of three or four feet high, that extended nearly fifty English miles: when the mass became putrid, and the wind was at south-east, the stench was sensibly felt at the distance of at least a hundred and fifty miles.

HERRINGS.

The deeps of the frozen zone are the great receptacle whence the finny tribe issue, in so wonderful a profusion, to re-stock all the watry world of the northern hemisphere; and this immense icy protuberance of the globe, this gathering together, this hoard of congealed waters, is periodically diminished by the influence of the unsetting summer's sun, whose rays being perpetually, though obliquely shed, during the season, on the widely extended rim of the frozen continent, gradually dissolve its margin, which is thus crumbled into innumerable floating isles, that are

driven southward to replenish the seas of warmer climes.

Amidst these drifts of ice, and following this widely spreading current, teeming with life, the whole host of sea-fowl find in the waters an inexhaustible supply of food; for the great movement, the immense southern migration of fishes is then begun, and shoal after shoal, probably as the removal of their dark icy canopy unveils them to the sun, are invited forth, and, guided by its light and heat, pour forward in thousands of myriads, in multitudes which set all calculation at defiance. The flocks of sea-birds, for their number baffle the power of figures; but the swarms of fishes are multiplied in an incomprehensible degree, they may indeed be called infinite, if infinity were applicable to any thing created.

Of all these various tribes of fishes thus pressing forward on their southern route, that of the herrings is most numerous; closely embodied in resplendent columns of many miles in length and breadth, and in depth from the surface to the bottom of the sea, the shoals of this tribe peacefully glide along, and glittering like a huge reflected rainbow, or *Aurora Borealis*, attract the eyes of all their attendant foes.

Other kinds of fishes, in duller garbs, keep also together in bodies, but change their movements as may best suit their different modes of attack and defence, in preying upon, or escaping from each other as they pass along.

All these various fishes, but particularly the herrings, are in their turn preyed upon by the whole hosts of sea-fowl, which continually watch all their motions, and devour millions. All the monsters of the deep also find them an easy prey.

The foregoing account of these fish is taken from the introduction to the History of British Water-birds, by T. Bewick.

They are found about Scotland in June, in shoals of distinct columns each of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, they then surround Great Britain and Ireland, unite again off the Land's End in the British Channel, in September, and arrive in Georgia and Carolina in January following. For the rest of their voyage till their return to the north when the weather becomes too warm, we refer to their natural history at large; we only mean to give some slight notion of their numbers.

In 1773, the herrings were in such immense shoals on the Scotch coasts, that 1650 boat loads were taken in one place every night for two months.

They once swarmed so greatly on the west side of the Isle of Skye, that more were caught than could be taken away; after all the boats were loaded, and the country round supplied, the farmers manured their grounds with them. They came into Loch Urn in such amazing quantities, that the whole lake to the very head, about two miles, was quite full; so many of them were pushed on shore that the beach for four miles round was covered with them from six to eighteen inches deep, and the ground under water as far as could be seen when the tide was out, was equally so. The shoal was so thick and so forcible as to carry before it every other kind of fish, scate, flounders, &c. were driven on shore with the first herrings, and perished there.

The following is a short account of the fishery for pilchards on the coast of Cornwall:

These fish, which resemble a small herring, come from the north seas, and about the middle of July reach the Cornish coast. They are taken in sean, or drift nets, each managed by three boats, containing eighteen persons. The seans are 440 yards long, 32 yards deep in the middle, and 28 at each end; with leaden weights at bottom and corks at top, the cost of each net is about 850l. It has been calculated that in a season one sean will take about 400 hogsheads of fish; the number of pilchards in each hogshead is three thousand.

Twelve thousand persons, men, women, and children, are employed in and about this fishery, and the capital engaged is estimated at 400,000l. The fishing continues about ten weeks, after which the pilchards disappear. About sixty thousand hogsheads of these fish are here caught in a season, which contain one hundred and eighty million of pilchards.

EELS.

Of the migration of young eels, Dr. Anderson, in his publication called "The Bee," says, "I once observed on the banks of the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, something like a black rope moving along the edge of the river in shallow water. I soon discovered that this was a shoal of young eels, so closely joined together as to appear one continued body moving briskly up against the stream. To avoid the retardation they felt from the force of the current, they kept close to the edge all the way, following the bendings of the river; when they were in still water the shoal dilated so as to near a foot broad, but when they turned a cape, where the current was strong, they were forced to occupy less space, and press close to the shore, struggling very hard till they passed it.

"This shoal continued to move on day and night for several weeks, at about the rate of a mile an hour. It was easy to catch them

though they were very active and nimble.—They were eels perfectly formed, but not exceeding two inches in length. The shoal contained from twelve to twenty in breadth, so that the whole number must have been immense. The place where I saw them was six miles from the sea. Whence they came, and whither they went, I know not, and I was told that the same phenomenon takes place there every year about the same season."

Redi, the Italian naturalist, assures us in his works, first published in 1684, that the eels in the river Arno, descended annually in the month of August towards the sea, in order to bring forth their young there; and they returned from the sea up the river to Pisa regularly from February to April. So that probably the grigs, or young eels, which were swimming in such shoals against the stream, were just entered into fresh water, where they would remain till impelled by nature to drop their young.

LOBSTERS.

The lobster (*cancer gammarus*) changes its crust, or shell annually. The pincers of one of its large claws are furnished with knobs, and those of the other are serrated, or like a saw; with the former it keeps firm hold of the stalks of submarine plants, and with the latter it cuts and minces its food. The knobbed, or numb claw, is sometimes on the right, and at other times on the left, indifferently. It is more dangerous to be seized by the cutting claw than by the other, but in either case the best way of getting loose is by pulling off the claw.

In the water, Pennant says, they can run nimbly on their legs, and if alarmed can spring, tail foremost, to a surprising distance as swiftly as a bird can fly. The fishermen can see them pass about ten yards, and by the rapidity of their motion, it is supposed that they may go much farther. When frightened they will spring from a considerable distance into their lurking-place in the rock, through an entrance barely wide enough for their bodies to pass, as is frequently seen by the fishermen near Scarborough.

EGGS.

The eggs of the albatross, or man of war bird (*diomedia exulans*), are as large as those of the goose, and have the singular property of their white not becoming hard by boiling.

The eggs of the lapwing (*tringa vanellus*) are the most delicate eggs which are known. The whites when boiled are semi-transparent.—They are usually sold in the London markets at three or four shillings a dozen. Lapwings abound in Holland, and their eggs are much prized in that country. Valmont de Bomare, in his *Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire Naturelle*, first printed in 1765, says that the Dutch do not scruple paying a ducat (9s. 6d.) for a couple when first in season.

The eggs of plovers are generally sold for those of lapwings in London. The eggs of all the various species of sea-gulls, are somewhat similar when boiled, but are not so delicate as those of the lapwing, or pewit, as it is sometimes called from its cry, of which that word is an imitation.

THE EDIBLE FROG.

This frog (*rana esculenta*) is considerably larger than the common frog, and is found in plenty in Italy, France, and Germany. They are excessively voracious, frequently seizing young birds, and even mice, which, like the rest of their prey of snails, worms, &c. they swallow whole. Townson, in his travels in Hungary, in 1793, says:—"These poor creatures are brought from the country, thirty or forty thousand at a time, to Vienna, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories for them, which are large holes, four or five feet deep, dug in the ground, the mouth covered with a board, and in severe weather with straw. In these reservoirs, even during a hard frost, the frogs never become quite torpid. When taken out and placed on their backs, they are sensible of the change, and have strength enough to turn themselves. They get together in heaps, one upon another instinctively, and thereby prevent the evaporation of their humidity, for no water is ever put to them. In Vienna, in 1793, there were only three great dealers; by whom those persons were supplied who brought them to market ready for the cook."

These animals belong to the *amphibia* tribe, they have cold blood, and live occasionally both on land and in water. The other animals of this genus are tortoises and lizards. The amphibia are divided into two orders; reptiles, which we have just enumerated, and serpents. None of them chew their food, but all swallow it whole, and digest it leisurely.

The bull-frogs of America are from eighteen to twenty inches long from the nose to the hind feet. Their croaking resembles the hoarse bellowing of a bull. They leap three yards at once: they are edible, and have as much meat on them as a young fowl.

SKINS.

The common snake (*coluber natrix*) casts its skin in the spring; all serpents cast their

skins at certain periods, but the *exuviæ* of this species has been more minutely examined than those of the others.

The slough of a large snake appeared as if turned wrong side outward, and as if drawn off backwards like a stocking or a glove; not only the whole skin, but the scales from the very eyes were peeled off, and appeared in the head of the slough like a pair of spectacles: the convexity of the eyes was inward. On looking through the scales on the snake's eyes from the concave side, as the reptile used them, they lessened objects much. Thus it appears that snakes crawl out of the mouth of their own skins, and quit the tail part last, just as eels are skinned. While the scales of the eyes are loosening, and a new skin is forming, the animal is probably blind, and must feel itself in an uneasy situation.

The foregoing is taken from White's Naturalist's Calender.

In the account of a voyage to the East Indies, under Admiral Du Quesne, about the year 1670, it was observed that in one of the ships a cask half full of eggs, which stood uncovered in a cabin, was daily plundered without any discovery being made by whom and in what manner it was effected. At last, by constant watching, and peeping through holes in the partition, it was found that the thieves were rats. The method they took to get the eggs out of the cask was as follows:—A dozen or more large rats formed a company, three or four of these got into the cask, and one rat laid on his back, holding up his four legs like the pillars of a bed, and between these the other rats placed an egg on his belly. The difficulty was now how to get the rat and his egg out of the cask safe on the ground without breaking the egg, which difficulty they overcame in this way: one rat took the tail of the egg-carrier in his mouth, and his own tail was taken hold of in the same manner by another, and thus by as many rats as were sufficient to form as it were a chain up the inside and down the outside of the cask, and at the bottom four or five rats with united strength pulled the lowest rat till he touched ground, and continued to pull till they had hoisted the egg-carrier to the upper edge of the cask, and then a rat took hold of his ear in order to let him gently down; his own tail being held in the mouth of one of those which remained in the cask; and when he was safely landed, he was dragged, still on his back with the egg, into their hole; and this was repeated as long as they remained undisturbed.

In the neighbourhood of Plymouth there was, in 1802, a dog who daily carried food to an old blind mastiff, which lay hid in a thicket without the town, regularly on Sundays conveyed him to his master's house to dinner, and as regularly afterwards escorted him back to his covert.

Dr. Franklin found that ants had some means of communicating their thoughts, or desires, to one another. In a summer-house at the end of his garden, there happened to be a small earthen pot half full of treacle. This he found swarming with ants, which were quietly feasting on it. These he shook out except a single ant, and then suspended the pot tied to a string from the cieling. The captive ant endeavoured to escape, and at last found out the way, by climbing up the string to the ceiling, and from thence down the wall to the ground, and into the garden. About half an hour after, a great swarm of ants came, ran up the wall, along the cieling, and down the string into the pot. This continued till the treacle was devoured, one swarm coming down the string on one side at the same time that another swarm was going up on the other side.

Citizen Manourit, in his "Memoir on the Hospitallers' Monastery, on Mount St. Bernard," in the year 1800, draws a parallel between the use which the monks who reside there make of their dogs (blood-hounds, remarkable for the fineness of their scent), which are bred to search for travellers who have lost their way in the snows, or are buried under the edges of *avalanches* (this word shall shortly be explained), and that which the Spaniards made of dogs which were trained to tear the inoffensive Mexicans to pieces for the sake of their riches.

A German, in 1806, published a journey which he made over Mount St. Gothard to the Borromæan islands and Milan five years before. On this mountain, an hospital similar to that above-mentioned, "in which the poor traveller used to be entertained gratuitously, is now merely a heap of ruins; the roof under which food, warmth, comfort and attendance awaited the weary, the benumbed, and the sick, was destroyed by the *modern heroes* to serve them for firewood. The number of those who formerly resorted hither to ask alms, amounted generally to four thousand in a year."

The author met in the *Isola Madre*, an old heretofore nobleman of what is now called the kingdom of Italy, who did not hesitate to give to the French the appellation of *Vandals*. That there were some meritorious men among them, he allowed, but sarcastically added:—*è vero, non tutti sono bricconi, ma buona parte.*

" It is true, not all are scoundrels, but a good part."—The pun in the Italian is not to be translated.

An *avalanche* is " a ball of snow which is blown down from the top of a mountain by the wind, or falls by some other accident; which, gathering all the way in its descent, becomes instantly of such a prodigious size, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down, but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehensions of danger from it."

This explanation is taken from the account written by Baretti, of the passage over Mount Cenis, in the fourth volume of Sir Charles Grandison.

The following description was written on the Pyrenées, in the year 1788, by the author of the article about Bears and Eagles, inserted in the Twenty-fourth Number of *La Belle Assemblée*.

Lavanges or avalanches take place when the snow, falling in vast flakes, is agitated on the flank of the mountains by impetuous winds, which fold it on itself and condense it. At those times a species of balloons formed by the snow, is frequently precipitated, of which the bulk increases so greatly that even the rocks cannot arrest those prodigious masses in their redoubled fall.

Already the terrified inhabitant of the vallies conscious of his approaching destruction, and unable to flee from it, presages the disaster from the horrible hissing noise which attends it. He is often the victim before he is struck. Whole forests have been rooted up, houses, and even entire villages completely overturned and swept away before the immediate shock of the lavange, by the explosion of the forcibly compressed air.

Several chests of goods which were in the cellar of a house thus rased, were burst open by the explosion and hurled into the street. It was seen with wonder that part of the effects contained in them, were cast on the opposite mountain, to the height of sixty feet above the base. It was also observed that the house was overthrown some little time before the mass of snow and the shock reached it.

When these masses, driven on declivities, proceded and followed by the ruins which they drag along, happen to melt in the vallies, not the least vestiges of the inhabitants or their flocks remain: every thing is annihilated, or at least buried under the ruins of the mountain, which often fill up the straits or narrow passages, to a considerable height.

The lavanges are however not constantly so destructive: every thing depends on the locality; they sometimes only form snow bridges over torrents. In the highest regions there are some which last for ages.

These snow-balls are not always formed by hurricanes; they are sometimes produced in calm weather. A single stone casually tumbled from a summit, is enough to cause great devastation in an instant. When the mantle of snow on the mountains begins to condense, the natives dread the least breath of wind, the least vibration; they fear even the noise of the waters. The traveller dares not crack his whip. The shepherds hardly venture to breathe, they moderate the march of their flocks, and take off the bells from the weathers, so much do they dread shaking the atmosphere!

In the rank of avalanches the natives place the overflowing of lakes, especially when they fall one into the other; but then the destruction is no longer partial, the whole canton is threatened.

Those lakes which are situated on the mountains at an elevation of a thousand or twelve hundred fathoms freeze early. When the surface of the lake is frozen over, it sustains the snows and icicles which perpetually keep falling into that large funnel. Here they heap up in a pyramidal form, and this heavy mass, when the borders of its floor melt, displacing a quantity of water equal to its enormous bulk, occasions an inundation which continues fourteen or fifteen hours; so that strangers at Barege are surprised to see in the finest summer-days, the little river Bastan swell suddenly and that without any previous tempest.

Conclu: p. 154

THE BRAZILIAN EMPIRE.

EMIGRATION OF THE PORTUGUESE TO THE BRAZILS.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the eventful age in which we live, perhaps no event has arisen, more glorious in the conception that gave it birth, or more useful in the consequences that must flow from it, than the emigration of the Court of Lisbon to the capital of the Portuguese colonies. New things in a new world—Such was the pithy prophecy of Mr. Burke, respecting the result of the crisis in which Europe was placed by the French Revolution. Every day tends to unfold the prophecy; and the emigration of the Portuguese Court may not be among the minor incidents that tend to its accomplishment. So connected is this event with the feelings, the interests, and the honour of the British nation, that we cannot look upon any thing that touches this pregnant subject, without an anxiety to communicate it to the public. Under that impression we have the pleasure of laying before our readers the following particulars respecting Rio Janeiro, (the future seat of government of the House of Braganza) and all the bearings of its physical and political situation, which we do the more confidently, as we know the memoir we are proceeding to publish, is, upon these matters, the result of accurate observation and of pertinent enquiry. It is taken from the journal kept by a gentleman, who was every way qualified to undertake such a task.

The approach to the harbour of Rio Janeiro is marked by a number of hills of various forms and heights, and a profusion of small islands. Its entrance on the left, or west point, is distinguished by a high inaccessible mountain, nearly resembling in shape a sugar-loaf, which it is called. On the right, or east point of the bay, and nearly opposite the Sugar-loaf, there is a strong fort called Santa Cruz, to defend the entrance, which mounts from forty to fifty guns. The distance from this fort to the foot of the Sugar-loaf may be about one thousand yards; the height of the Sugar-loaf itself is probably nine hundred or a thousand feet; a high hill within Santa Cruz, and on the same side, is fortified. Another fort, called Fort Sozia, on the west or opposite side presents itself, and a chain of fortifications all along the harbour from the entrance to the town, show how anxious the Portuguese have been to secure it against an attack by sea, and it is yet to be ascertained whether it is possible to get on shore without the harbour and to approach it by land.

Rio Janeiro, on the coast of Brazil and continent of South America, is situated in 22 deg. 54 min. 10 sec. south latitude, and 42 deg. 43 min. 45 sec. west longitude. It is so called from a river of South America, which rises in the mountains west of Brazil, and, running east through that country, falls into the Atlantic Ocean near the city of the same name. It is the principal of the Portuguese settlements in South America, and is governed by a Viceroy, whose power is absolute. The harbour is very deep and spacious, capable of containing the largest fleet. On each side are mountains covered with vegetation; many of them, especially on the side next the town, or St. Sebastian, (so called from the name of its titular patron,) with churches and other buildings on their summits, which give them a very lively and pleasing appearance. Immediately opposite to the town the harbour may be about two miles and a half broad; of the town itself it may be said that it is regular and tolerably well built. The Viceroy's palace has no grandeur equal to the idea one is led to form from his power and authority; on the contrary, it strikes one on comparison as mean and insignificant. The skirts of the town are beautiful and on the south-west side there is a fine spacious plain called the Campo, which is used as exercising ground for the cavalry. Beef, mutton, and poultry, are to be had here; the former cheap, the latter very dear—beef less than 2d. per pound, a sheep 10s. turkey 5s. fowl 2s. 6d. duck 3s. Fruit is in a great plenty, especially oranges, with which every garden in the country abounds. Here is a tolerable market, constantly supplied with yams, salad, rice, &c.; few pine-apples are to be procured at this season, which is their spring; their hottest summer months being November, December, and January: even now the thermometer is generally at 72 or 73, and the middle of the day is extremely close and sultry, especially before the sea-breeze sets in, which it generally does from ten to twelve o'clock and continues till sun-set. The Portuguese wisely keep within doors in the day-time, and the women are never seen in the streets until the evening, when they have their parties, tea-drinkings, &c. &c. There are many churches, and five principal convents, in Rio Janeiro;

three of the latter for men, called the Carmelites, Benedictines, and Franciscans, and two for females, St. Theresa and St. Juda. The convent of St. Antonio is complete in all its parts, and the monks appear to live very comfortably and in good fellowship. The church, and private chapels which are very numerous, are handsomely decorated. We heard grand mass performed on the occasion of the anniversary of the founder of the order, St. Francis, and experienced great civilities and attention from the monks. The music was good, and composed by an old Portuguese, resident at Rio, and the performance by no means contemptible. Our conductor was a monk, born at Exeter, of English parents, their name Bunder, and spoke the English language tolerably, considering that he had been estranged from his native country since the age of eleven. He is at present called Domingo de Nazareth, and appears to be well respected by his brethren. By him we were introduced to the superior, a man of a very engaging presence, who was held in great veneration by the monks for his kindness and benevolence: his power expired on the day of our visit, a new superior being elected every three years; and as he owes his situation to the good opinion of the monks of his order, by whom he is regularly ballotted, this circumstance is at once a guard to themselves against his tyranny, and a proof of the estimation in which he is held by his brethren. The convent contains 100 monks of the order of St. Francis, who are very comfortably lodged in different cells: the library belonging to it is spacious, and well filled. Amongst other things, it contains a copy of Latin verses, composed and presented to the convent by Mr. Muir (who had touched here in his way to Botany Bay), as a mark of his gratitude for the kindness he experienced, in which he laments his hard destiny in being driven from his native country. The water supplied to the town is brought from the hills through an aqueduct, which, between the mountains on which the convents of St. Theresa and Antonia are built, is supported by a double row of forty arches about fifty feet high, that have a very grand and pleasing appearance; the water is conveyed to a fountain at the foot of the steps leading to the convent of St. Antonio, and afterwards to the great fountain in the centre of the square near the Viceroy's palace, at which all the ships are supplied, and the inhabitants of course apply to that, which is the nearest to their habitations.

Rio Janeiro produces excellent coffee; but the cocoa and chocolate are considered by the inhabitants of an inferior kind. It is extraordinary that butter is not to be purchased, and milk very scarce, as the cattle are large, and pasture plentiful. The Guinea grass is every where cultivated, and is excellent fodder. The horses bred here, are small and active. The carriages used by the inhabitants are a kind of cabriolet, drawn by two mules, resembling that described in the third volume of *Gil Blas*, and generally used in Spain. These carriages may be hired by strangers, to enable them to go a few miles into the country. The roads are tolerable, and skirted with houses and gardens, some of which are neat and pretty; and being romantically situated between the hills, which are scattered every where in great profusion, and in various shapes, form altogether a scene highly gratifying to a stranger.

In the Campo before mentioned a spacious building was erected for bull-fights, capable of containing four or five thousand spectators. Its form is octagonal, the two long sides about one hundred, and the six small sides about fifty yards each, and in the centre is a handsome box, or apartment for the Viceroy, his family, and attendants, opposite which are seats for the music, trumpets, &c. &c. From the idea I have formed of the knights of Rio Janeiro, I should not expect much gallantry or heroism, and probably their bulls are as tame as themselves.

The natural jealousy of the Portuguese would render them cautious of giving to foreigners any information regarding the state and number of their troops, the situation and extent of their mines, &c.; added to which, we had to encounter an impediment no less insurmountable, which was our total ignorance of their language. On the subject of their military force at Rio Janeiro, it appeared that there were five regiments of infantry for its defence, each consisting of seven companies, which at one hundred men per company, amounted to 3500 men. Three of these regiments were originally from Europe, but not having been supplied with any recruits from Portugal since their first establishment at this place, near twenty-four years ago, and the casualties having been supplied with creoles, or the children of the Portuguese settlers, must have considerably degenerated both in spirit and discipline, and are hardly to be distinguished from the two regiments of Rio, which are composed of the European inhabitants, and may be denominated the militia of the place. The corps of artillery is said to consist of a Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and 1000 men; besides which there is a small body of cavalry, whose principal duty

is to attend on the Viceroy. There is also a provincial regiment of native Americans employed as guards over the slaves at Rio and the mines; this statement is exclusive of the force stationed in the interior of the country, of which I could not obtain any information.

The town appears to be populous, and the shops well filled, particularly the druggists, which seems to corroborate the apparent unhealthiness of the climate at particular seasons. A great number of miserable and diseased objects appear in every quarter; and even among the better sort, we see legs swelled to an enormous size, from a disorder incident to this place, and produced no doubt by the excessive heat and want of due circulation. The mechanics carry on their respective trades in distinct parts of the town, each having its separate street.

The fortifications commenced in 1738 are more numerous than respectable; and from what I could judge at a distance of the artillery mounted on them, it did not appear to be in the best state for service.

The work of the mines, and all ordinary labour is performed by African slaves, chiefly brought from Angola. The government, it is said, import from ten to twelve thousand (Captain Cook says forty thousand) annually, to supply the deficiencies arising from the hardship and unhealthiness of the work in which they are employed.

An inquisition is established at Rio, which is said to perform its functions with great severity, and some courts of justice, but the superior court, or that of appeals, is settled at St. Salvador, which was originally the seat of government, but by some accident it was omitted to transfer that court to Rio with the superior power in 1771.

The custom of all officers going to the Viceroy's palace every day (vide Captain Cook), still continues, as well as the practice of sending guard boats, with an officer and six or seven men to every ship in the harbour. The inhabitants are very civil to strangers, and those dressed in a military uniform are particularly respected. On our first landing it was usual to have a soldier to walk after us, but this ceremony was soon laid aside, and we had cause to regret it, especially when the ladies were in company, as our military attendant was not only useful in keeping off the negroes whom curiosity drew round us in such numbers as to be perfectly troublesome, but in our dealings in the markets and with the inhabitants, as well as in settling the hire of our chaises, &c. he took care that we should not be imposed on, on which account we frequently applied for a serjeant to attend us, and found them uniformly respectful and useful.

The Portuguese reckon their money in rees, an imaginary coin, twenty of which make a copper piece called a vintin, and sixteen vintins a pettack, or two English shillings. Silver coin has lost its value here, and dollars will be found the most passable money; even this is only 4s. 7½d. or 50 rees.

The name of the present Viceroy is Don Petro de Castro, Count de Pezende; he enjoys very indifferent health, and his disorder being nervous, he has the character of being in general of a peevish and unaccommodating disposition. The Viceroy has two aids-de-camp, or as they are termed, adjutants of orders, who are constantly in waiting at the palace. One of these officers is the Viceroy's son, the other the Colonel of artillery; and there is besides an officer constantly from this corps, whose business is to see the orders of the Viceroy executed, and to report whatever occurrences may happen. The established salary of the Viceroy is said to be 12,000l. a year, but his patronage is very extensive and lucrative, and there is every reason to suppose that it is turned to the best account; so that even a moderate Viceroy may in a few years acquire an immense fortune. The Viceroy is Captain-General of all the troops, Admiral of the fleet in South America, &c. and also Chief Judge, which gives him an influence that does not by any means procure to the inhabitants an equal distribution of justice. The predecessor of the present Viceroy, it is reported, amassed the sum of nearly two millions sterling in less than three years.

It appears, notwithstanding the idea of hidden dangers politically held out by the Portuguese pilots, &c. that the harbour of Rio Janeiro may be entered by a person who before was a perfect stranger to it, without the least risk; the Rodney's boat had five fathoms close to Santa Cruz, and the Henry Dundas, in working out, tacked so near this fort and the Sugar-loaf on the opposite side, as to convince us that the entrance, as well as the interior part of the harbour is perfectly safe. In the middle of the bay, where we were at anchor, there were nineteen fathoms, and excellent ground, and we never sounded less than eight in all our working, coming into or going out of the harbour. Captain Cook says there are sunken rocks off each fort (Santa Cruz and Sesia), and that in this port alone there is danger. The distance between the forts he reckons about three quarters of a mile, and remarks that the narrowness of the channel causes the tides to ebb and flow with consider-

able strength, and that they cannot be passed without a fresh breeze. He advises keeping in the middle of the channel.

Rio Janeiro is the emporium and principal staple of the rich produce of the Brazils. The mines, which are called general, are the nearest to the city, being about seventy-five leagues distant. They annually bring in to the King, for his fifth part, at least one hundred and twelve arobas of gold; in 1762, they brought in a hundred and nineteen; under the government of the general mines are comprehended those of Riodas Mortes, of Sabara, and of Sero Frio. The last place, besides gold, produces all the diamonds that come from the Brazils. They are in the bed of a river, which is led aside in order afterwards to separate the diamonds, topazes, chrysolites, and other stones of inferior goodness, from the pebbles among which they lie.

All their stones, diamonds excepted, are not contraband; they belong to the possessors of the mines; but they are obliged to give a very exact account of the diamonds they find; and to put them into the hands of a surveyor, whom the King appoints for this purpose. The surveyor immediately deposits them in a little casket, covered with plates of iron, and locked up by three locks; he has one of the keys, the Viceroy the other, and the Provador de Hazicuda Reale, the third. This casket is inclosed in another, on which are the seals of the three persons above-mentioned, and which contains the three keys to the first. The Viceroy is not allowed to visit its contents; he only places the whole in a third coffer, chuses which he likes out of it, and pays their price to the possessors of the mines, according to a tariff mentioned in their charter.

The possessors of the mines pay the value of a Spanish piastre, or dollar per day, to his Most Faithful Majesty, for every slave sent out to seek diamonds; the number of these slaves amount to eight hundred. Of all the contraband trades, that of the diamond is most severely punished. If the smuggler is poor, he loses his life; if his riches are sufficient to satisfy what the law exacts, besides the confiscation of the diamonds, he is condemned to pay double their value, to be imprisoned for one year, and then exiled for life to the coast of Africa. Notwithstanding this severity, the smuggling trade with diamonds, even the most beautiful kind, is very extensive; so great is the hope and facility of hiding them, on account of the little room they take up.

All the gold which is got out of the mines cannot be sent to Rio Janeiro, without being previously brought into the houses established in each district, where the part belonging to the crown is taken. What belongs to private persons is returned to them in wedges, with their weight, their number, and the king's arms stamped upon them. All this gold is assayed by a person appointed for that purpose, and on each wedge or ingot, the alloy of the gold is marked, that it may afterwards be easy to bring them all to the same alloy for the coinage.

The arrival of the fleets that come from Portugal, and especially of that from Lisbon, renders the commerce of Rio Janeiro very flourishing. The fleet from Oporto is laden only with wines, brandy, vinegar, victuals, and some coarse cloths, manufactured in and about that town. As soon as the fleets arrive, all the goods they bring are conveyed to the Custom-house, where they pay a duty of ten per cent. to the King. It must be observed that the communication between the colony of Santo Sacramento and Buenos Ayres being entirely cut off at present, that duty must be considerably lessened; for the greatest part of the most precious merchandizes which arrived from Europe were sent from Rio Janeiro to that colony, from whence they were smuggled through Buenos Ayres to Peru and Chili. In short, the mines of the Brazils produce no silver, and all which the Portuguese receive come from this smuggling trade. The negro trade was another immense object; the loss which the almost entire suppression of this branch of contraband trade occasions cannot be calculated. This branch alone employed at least thirty coasting vessels between the Brazils and Rio de la Plata.

The mines of S. Paolo and Paragua pay the King four arobas as his fifth in common years. The most distant mines, which are those of Pracaton and Quiaba, depend upon the government of Matagrosso.

All the expences of the King of Portugal at Rio Janeiro, for the payment of the troops and civil officers, the carrying on of the mines, keeping the public buildings in repair, and refitting of ships, amount to about six hundred thousand piastres. I do not speak of the expence he may be at in constructing ships of the line and frigates, which he has lately begun to do.

F. H.

THE RIDICULOUS DISTRESS.

AMONG La Fontaine's tales in verse, first published in 1684, is one entitled *Le Gascon Puni*. This is told in prose in one of the numbers of the *Tatler* (1709), with the motto,—*Anguillam cauda tenes*. T. D'Urfey,

"You hold an eel by the tail."

And about forty years after, it was versified and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine.

In the year 1770, this same story, but with some variations, was printed in Ireland, and as it has not yet appeared here, we shall present it to our readers, inviting them to peruse previously the above-mentioned tales, and also another of the same kind, inserted in the *Spectator*, first published in 1711, with this motto,

Magnus sine viribus ignis
Incassum furit. VIRG. GEORG. iii. v. 99.

"In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires."
DRYDEN.

This relates to a gentleman between two ladies. Our story is as follows:—

Truncus iners jacui, species et inutile signum,
Nec satis exactum est, corpus an umbra forem.
OVID.

"I lay without life's animating spring,
"A dull, enervate, worthless, lumpish thing."

Don Carlos, an accomplished gentleman, but of slender fortune, had a long time paid his addresses to a lady of great wit and beauty, and was shortly to have been joined to her in marriage, had not her parents, from mercenary views and the allurement of a title, married her to an old nobleman, who had a magnificent seat on the banks of the river Pisuerga, near Valladolid. About a year after the marriage she wrote a letter to her former lover, signifying how much she regretted having been married to the old Count, but that she still retained her love for him and always should; she also informed him that her husband had just set out on a long journey, and desired him to come at a time which she appointed, to a particular place near her house, accompanied only by his friend Don Alfonso. Don Carlos was so surprised and delighted on the receipt of this letter, that at first he looked on the whole as a dream, but recovering a little from his transports, and knowing the hand-writing, he repaired to his friend, and they both went at night to the place appointed.

They had not been long there when, about eleven o'clock, an old woman came up, and desired them to follow her. The night was dark, and she conveyed them with great privacy into an apartment in the palace, where the Countess presently made her appearance, and received them with great demonstrations of joy. After a few short compliments, she addressed the companion of Don Carlos thus: "Don Alfonso, the time we have to enjoy this meeting can be but short; I know the friendship which binds you to Don Carlos, and this emboldens me to request one favour from you. The Count, my husband, in consequence of being taken ill on the road, is returned before he had finished his journey, and being much fatigued, is gone to bed, where I have left him fast asleep; but as he may possibly wake, and stretch out an arm or a leg towards my part of the bed, and not finding me there, I should run the greatest danger of being detected; all I desire is, that while Don Carlos and I are entertaining one another with a little chat, which cannot be above a quarter of an hour, you will be so good as to go to bed in my place: and I assure you that you will run no sort of risk, for the old gentleman seldom wakes in the night, and if he does, he turns himself and immediately falls again to sleep."

The rest of the story is told by Don Alfonso as follows:—"What a reasonable request was this of the Countess, to put myself in such imminent danger! However, as I considered that my refusal would carry all the marks of pusillanimity, and be inconsistent with the obligations of friendship that subsisted between Don Carlos and me, I told her she might dispose of me as she pleased, but I begged she would not keep me long in that dangerous situation, as I engaged in it merely for their sakes. They both promised that they would not keep me there above an hour at most.

"The Countess then put one of her own bed-gowns and night-caps on me, and led me to her bed-chamber, where she made me go to bed, and then retired. There was not the least glimmering of light, all was dark and silent. I fixed myself on the bed-post, where I remained without so much as stirring a finger, not a quarter, nor a half, but five whole hours; in short, till it was just day. Let any person fancy himself in my situation for such a long time. What care that I should not be known! what dread of being discovered! the conse-

quence of which would have probably been instant death; for though I might have been able to cope with the old Count, how could I, naked and unarmed, escape from his numerous domestics?

"But these were not all my sufferings, for Don Carlos and the Countess talked and laughed at times so loudly that I could hear their noise, which made me continually dread the Count might hear them too; and in the situation I was in, I could not communicate my fears to them. I was quite enraged at their indiscretion.

"At length, finding the day coming on apace, they came, hand in hand, into the room with a light, frisking and skipping, and making a noise with their feet as well as with their tongues. I now began to imagine that they were become intoxicated and mad with pleasure, so that I grew concerned for their misfortune as well as my own, as the infamy and the punishment would light upon us all three.

"In this state of apprehension I had a thousand schemes in my head, none of which could be of the least service to me. In the midst of this conflict they came to the bed side, and the Countess drew back the curtain.

"I was now quite beside myself, and would have fled, had I known whither; but I was quickly relieved from my apprehensions, for the Countess, lifting up the bed-clothes, showed me that I had by my side, not the old Count, but a lovely young lady, a sister of her's.

"My shame and confusion were so great at the trick that had been played upon me, that I was not able to speak a word, nor knew what to do, but bounce up in my shift, and run to look for my clothes."

We do not ourselves believe a word of Don Alfonso's narrative; because, as his bed-fellow was in the secret, she would hardly have refrained from a little chat with him, in the manner her sister was engaged with Don Carlos, and it does not appear that he deserved any punishment.—The epilogue-motto might be,

Se non é vero, é ben trovato.

"If it be not true, it is well found."

We give the preference to the *Spectator's* story of the poor swathed and unmercifully tantalized Monsieur de Pontignan.

ON PLURALITY OF WIVES;

WITH ORIGINAL REMARKS ON THE TREATMENT OF TURKISH WOMEN.

THE Baron de Tott, a Hungarian, after having been educated in Paris, was sent, in 1755, as engineer to Constantinople; he there acquired the Turkish language, and was some years after appointed ambassador from France to the Cham of Tartary. He remained in Turkey, and in various parts of Asia, twenty-three years; and in 1784, his memoirs were published at Amsterdam, in the French language. From the introduction to these memoirs, the following authentic account of the Turkish ladies is given :—

Of what import is it to humanity that a private person, to whom fortune and the prejudices of his country permit the free enjoyment of forty women, collects and keeps them together? This picture only invites us to bewail the group of unhappy victims; and we may, without examination, warrant that they are not thus gathered without feeling some impatience.

I shall endeavour to remedy the disorder of the notions we have about them, by making some observations on the plurality of wives, on their manner of existing in that sad kind of society, and on the abuses which result from this very association.

The Koran, which unites religious worship, morality, civil and criminal law, and which, allowing the right of interpretation attributed to the judges, provides for every thing, restrains the Turks to four wives *(Nikiahlus)*; but marriage with Mahometans is only a civil act, a contract passed before the tribunal of the judge, who, in this case, only does the business of a notary. The dowry, as well as the household goods, are inventoried in that act. These are returned in case of repudiation: the act is called *Nikiah.*

Another kind of marriage similarly fixes the sum of the reprisals, and at the same time marks the period of the separation. This con-

tract is termed *Kapin*, and is, properly speaking, only a bargain made between the parties, to live together for such a sum during such a time.*

Another law, called *Namekrem*, forbids nubile girls and women to show their faces uncovered to any man than their husband. This law is certainly not favourable to marriages from inclination. A Turk thus espouses the daughter or widow of his neighbour, without knowing her; he can only determine himself by the report of his own wives, or of go-betweens.

We need only consider a moment to perceive that the *Namekrem* law cannot be so scrupulously observed by the lower class of women, who act, as by those who are in easy circumstances, and remain idle. A tradesman can then sometimes use his eyes to direct his choice, when the want of fortune annuls, as to him, the right of plurality.

Misfortune is generally followed by its indemnification: only the abuse of good fortune is deprived of it.

The plurality of wives belongs to this last case: it subjects a man to considerable expenses: who is he that can afford them?

Excepting those who are in trade, and who, rich by their economy, ought to be excluded from fastuous people, the Turks only attain to opulence by their employments; these they obtain only by favour of the great, who have risen by the same means. Their fortune consists in capitals which their avidity accumulates, which terror buries, which luxury dissipates, and which are casually renewed The uncertainty of their situation also adds to their ardour for acquiring and for dissipating.

The Turks seldom leave large fortunes to their children. Sums sufficiently considerable to form shares, would be enough to excite the avidity of the sovereign; he would find, in the manner in which they were acquired, sufficient pretexts to seize them.

A Turk, then, is generally not rich enough to maintain a harem,* till by his patron's favour he has risen to employments of great authority, and which authority becomes lucrative in proportion to the abuse which he makes of it.

Till then, confounded in the throng of young men, who from the same ambitious motive are attached to the same master, reduced to live with men only, drawn on by the fury of his passions, separated from women, animated by their vicinity, if he must yield to nature, he can only swerve from it.

It is already evident, that the Turkish women, such as can be procured without marrying them, and who cannot be known before, are equally reduced to live among themselves. What must their education be? Born in opulence, they are either daughters of a legitimate wife, or daughters of a slave who may have been in momentary favour. Their brothers and sisters may have had different mothers, who did not differ from the other slaves kept in the same house. Without any other occupation than the jealousy which animates them against each other, scarcely knowing how to read and write, and reading nothing but the Koran; exposed in stove-baths to all the inconveniences of a forced, and too frequently repeated transpiration, which destroys the freshness of the skin, and the grace of the contours, even before they are nubile; indolent from pride, and often humbled by perceiving the uselessness of the means employed in their presence to please their proprietor. Lastly, destined to the same lot, without hopes of better success. What comfort can such women dispense to the man who marries them? But he has not counted on them for his happiness; let us see whether he has more justly calculated the advantages of multiplying his slaves, whom he has the right to choose, whom he may espouse without formality, and whom he has the more precious power of affranchising.

This is the proper place to give clear ideas of the Georgian and Circassian slaves, whose beauty is so celebrated. It may, perhaps, be of more importance to determine the laws of slavery in Turkey, and men are already guilty

* When a single man is permitted to possess forty women, and to keep them under lock and key, the thirty-nine men who, by this unequal partition, are deprived of the sweetest consolation afforded to humanity, deserve likewise some regard. It is every where seen that a law, which thwarts nature, is soon followed by another law that disavows the first. Thence the *Kapin* marriages, the asylums in favour of debtors, the hospitals for foundlings. Governments resemble those mad gamesters who are perpetually at variance, but never mend.

* Harem never means any thing but the women's apartment, the enclosure which contains them; this must not be confounded with seraglio, which means only palace. All the rich Turks have a harem, the Vizier himself has no seraglio. Ambassadors from crowned heads have a seraglio, but no harem. The Grand Seignior has both.

enough, without adding to their enormities by a vague and ill-founded opinion.

Neither the Turks, the Greeks, the Armenians, nor the Jews, are subject to any natural slavery. The despotism of the Sultan cannot seize on a girl, with whatever passion she might inspire her sovereign; and although the Grecian blood still presents forms similar to those which served as models to Praxiteles, the Turkish annals have not hitherto furnished any example of such atrocity.

Georgia and Circassia are not more subject to slavery than any other province more immediately under the dominion of the Grand Seignior; but the right of war supplies the defect of the natural right. It has procured many thousands of slaves, taken by the Cham of Tartary, in Servia and Moldavia, without any regard to the sovereignty of the Grand Seignior. Any province in Turkey that revolts, is given over to pillage, and its inhabitants are reduced to slavery. This is the public right of all Asia, and it is on such ferocious principles that half the world is still governed, and that Georgia and Circassia provide for the slave-markets in Constantinople.

The incursions of the Lesgui Tartars constantly supply them. Those Tartars are situated between the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea, between Georgia and Circassia, and are always at war with the people of those two provinces; they send the slaves they have made to the eastern side of the Black Sea, and there sell them to Turkish merchants, who resort thither by sea at stated times. The inhabitants of that coast likewise forcibly steal their countrymen and women, from the neighbouring villages, in the way of trade. We are assured that fathers and mothers sometimes sell their children there.

A country which is colder from its mountains than from its latitude, people so miserable as to sell their own children, so ill governed as to steal those of others, so feeble as to yield to the rapine of strangers, do not announce any sort of enquiry or of education.—The children, then, are the only slaves whose beauty may be attended to. The avarice of the merchant endeavours to encrease the value of his slave, by having her taught a few agreeable accomplishments; indecent dancing, accompanied by castanets, raises her price considerably.

Lady Montague assures us, that those dances are voluptuous. I have seen every thing of the kind in its utmost perfection; but I have no terms to describe them, and I shall never use those of voluptuousness to paint them.

I may, however, add, that the dancing-girls in Turkey are despised; and a slave who by that talent may have first pleased her master, soon ceases to exercise it. Thus they are only employed to revive and stimulate automata; beauty is not sufficient, indecency succeeds better. Grace, vivacity, and expression alone seduce, and do not need any regularity of features; whilst profound ignorance and negligent dignity render beauty itself insipid.

I have been convinced by my Turkish friends, that excepting some new slave, who may for a while pique their curiosity, the harem only inspired them with disgust. Numbers of Turks never set foot in it, but to restore tranquillity, when the superintending female cannot succeed: but, although riot is severely punished, its causes cannot be destroyed. That disorder, proceeding from the constraint of such a number of women shut up together, is the second result of the law which establishes plurality. Nature, equally thwarted in the two sexes, must lead them equally astray.

This assemblage of women, who are constantly under the observation of their companions, causes them not even to attempt to dissemble their likings, nor their jealousy, they must only conceal their quarrel. Too happy still, if nature, calmed, stifled, and deceived, does not impel them to escape from their prison in pursuit of the reality; but of these excesses, they are always the victims.

Notwithstanding the constraint in which Turkish wives are accustomed to live, it must nevertheless not be thought that they cannot send their slaves on errands, and go out themselves to purchase what they require. I know no Turk who deprives them of that liberty; they even frequently walk out together, and visit other harems. In this case, the strict rule would oblige the Turk, to whose wives the visit is paid, not to enter his harem whilst strange women are there; but how many means has he not of evading the law; and if the parties are agreed, who is to complain?

If the streets be full of women, who go and come freely about their business; if the closest harems often open to let their flocks take a walk, we must not conclude, with Lady Montague, that gallant intrigues are carried on in the shops, where women sometimes stop; they would there be easily observed. It is only in the country, or on the most remote sea coasts, that debauchery seeks an asylum, stunning itself to the danger of being discovered by the guards who ferret into the most hidden lurking-places.

The Bostandgi Bachi, whose power extends several leagues round the residence of the Grand Seignior, has the inspection over those pretended gallant intrigues; he acts in these cases as a lieutenant of police, he derives from them the chief profits of his office, and from them likewise there results the most terrible abuses.

The word Sultan (pronounced Soultan) is only a title reserved to the Ottoman princes, sons of the Grand Seignior; no idea of sovereign authority is attached to it in Turkey or Tartary, although Soudan is in Egypt substituted for King. The title of Kam belongs exclusively to the sovereign of the Tartars; it is equivalent to that of Shak, which signifies King with the Persians. Among the slaves of the seraglio, she who becomes the mother of a Sultan, and who lives to see her son on the throne, is the only woman who at that only time acquires the title of Sultana Validè (Sultana mother).

ACCOUNT OF A SPANISH PLAY.

Extract of a Letter from Madrid, giving an account of a Spanish Play, entitled "La Misma Conciencia acusa," (Remorse of Conscience). By D. Augustin Moreto.

It must not be an indifferent task for a Spanish author to compose a play, when he does not confine himself to historical facts. No sooner has he taken up the pen, than his imagination becomes progressively heated till at last it mounts to such a height that his laborious efforts must inevitably affect his health and even shorten his existence. I look upon the drama, which I am about to describe, as the delirium of a disordered brain. Yet the style is animated, and the descriptions in some parts sublime; an author cannot be sufficiently praised when he is excellent, nor sufficiently blamed when he openly disregards common sense. The following are the principal characters:—*The Duke of Parma, Carlos, Henriquez, Tirso, Margaretta, Estella.*

The opening is interesting. The Duke of Parma, the usurper of his nephew Carlos' state, has placed him in a small domain, where this youth lives with his sister Estella, like a philosopher wholly void of ambition. The tyrant confides little in this tranquillity, and his remorse begets suspicion.

He goes to the chase on his nephew's domain, and sends Henriquez, his relation, to sound the young recluse and penetrate his secret designs. The Duke is accompanied by his daughter Margaretta, who, having strayed in pursuit of a bird, meets Carlos, and is much struck by his figure. Henriquez, on his side, falls in love with Estella, Carlos' sister, of whom he has caught a glance by a similar chance, and these four personages feel a reciprocal passion for each other. The plan is already made, and the author must conclude by these two weddings; but we are curious to discover by what means they are to be brought about.

Henriquez acquits himself of his commission, though Carlos appears to be really totally insensible to grandeur; at first he allows a few disdainful words to escape his lips, but when Henriquez endeavours to sound him, he appears to be more upon his guard.

He assists at a fete which the villagers give in honour of his sister Estella. This fair maid, occupied with the image of Henriquez, whom she has seen while hunting, becomes thoughtful, and finds the spot where they dwell ill suited for a fete. Carlos obligingly offers to conduct her to the borders of a charming river; and scarcely have they proceeded a few steps before they are most opportunely met by Henriquez. She has not, however, the courage to remain, but when departing says to her attendants: "How delightful is now the spot which I am leaving!" Henriquez takes Carlos aside, and reveals to him that he is related to the Duke of Parma, of whom, as well as himself, he has to complain; he adds, that having discovered who he is, and that he merits a more exalted station, has been the cause of his wishing to converse with him.

Carlos. I complain! you are mistaken. The Duke is too just to do you the smallest injury. It was you whom I saw just now with the Princess. It was to me a subject of much astonishment to see her hunting in these parts.

Henriquez. She is passionately fond of the chase.

Carlos. She is a prodigy of beauty.

Henriquez. I am waiting for her attendants to assemble, in order to conduct her back to court.

Carlos. I should feel much honoured if this rude spot could afford you some refreshment.

Henriquez. Although the spot is rude your possessions seem to be considerable.

Carlos. Those who wish for nothing have always enough.

Henriquez. I am surprised that the Duke should reduce such a man as you are to a state of mediocrity.

Carlos. I am the happier; in a higher station I should be more likely to experience misfortune; the reed will escape the same wind that overthrows the mighty oak, and I ought to be grateful to the Duke for securing me from similar dangers.

Henriquez. What, you do not reflect on the injury he is committing towards you?

Carlos. I think only of enjoying this peaceful retreat, where I possess all the comforts and luxuries of a palace. That fountain serves me for a mirror, this green turf is to me more delightful than the most splendid sofas, and this oak is preferable to the most magnificent canopy; none of these decay, they are yearly renewed without any expence; these possessions, which are not subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, are far dearer to me than those which you think I should regret.

Henriquez. What, you do not long to triumph over his rapacious cruelty?

Carlos. All my wishes are limited to the enjoyment of this rural spot, which has never deceived me.

Henriquez. Is it possible so far to forget that you were born to reign?

Carlos. It is but a vain dream; of all these vanities what does a man really require?—Food and clothing. Why then should I wish to possess frivolities which I could not enjoy?

Henriquez. How, do you not then think your exile an outrage?

Carlos. On the contrary.——

Carlos continues to moralize in this style for some time, but with a few points which are not much to our taste.

Henriquez returns to the Duke, and relates the above conversation. The suspicious tyrant fancies he can discover something mysterious hidden beneath Carlos' apparent tranquillity, and orders him to be brought to him that he may interrogate him himself. He is conducted to the palace accompanied by Tirso, his *gracioso* (fool), who asks him to explain to him the subjects of the tapestry. Carlos shews him Thalia, inspiring poets. "That is then the reason why she is represented naked," replies the *gracioso*. Henriquez asks Carlos' opinion of the magnificent furniture.

Carlos. I should admire it much more had I not, on my way hither, met so many miserable creatures covered with rags.

Henriquez. What have they to do with my question?

Carlos. Humanity sufficiently explains it; it appears to me very unjust that walls should be so splendidly covered while men are allowed to remain naked.

Margaretta, who is listening to this conversation (for in Spanish plays there is always somebody *al pano* behind the tapestry), becomes more warmly attached to the young stoic who speaks of riches with a sovereign contempt.

The Duke enters, accompanied by his daughter, the sight of whom confuses Carlos so much that he can scarcely find words to answer the Duke; but (according to the Spanish custom) Tirso, his fool, says a thousand extravagancies. Carlos, however, recovers himself, and says to the Duke, who has offered him a post in the palace, that he prefers a country life; that at court he only loses time, and that he would resign all its advantages to those who would better know how to enjoy them. These replies confirm the Duke's suspicions; he could not have imagined, he said, that a man of his valour (for he is accustomed to fight with lions and bears) should prefer a state of repose to glory.

Carlos. Are you not at peace? should any enemy have the temerity to take up arms against my country, and raise his proud head on an equality with yours, then, leaving my state of repose for the trammels of war, I would make the whole universe tremble at the wrath his audacity would kindle in my soul.* I would grasp the thunder of Heaven, and rending asunder the degrading clouds with which the sun is surrounded, would drag that luminary by its golden and curling mane, and lay it at thy feet, a trophy on which to rest thy glory.

We have given a literal translation of this speech in order to enable our readers to form an idea of the hyperbolical language of the Spaniards. This figure must, however, please them, for nothing is more common; and what is still more astonishing is, that the persons in whose mouth the author places it, are supposed to be really brave. With us it would only have a good effect from the lips of an arrant coward.

Duke. Would you really put what you say in execution?

Carlos. Yes, I really would.

Duke. Good God! he terrifies me.

After this exclamation, he concludes in a short soliloquy aside, that he must seize so dangerous an enemy, and that tyranny cannot be in safety without this precaution. He then reproaches Carlos with ingratitude and meanness. "I leave you," he adds, "to your mis-

* The performer kindles as he speaks.

taken notions, and as you are insensible to all that ought to affect you, you are only deserving of my contempt, though my blood runs in your veins.

The Duke having departed, Margaretta also makes Carlos some reproaches, but of a different nature. She tells him that there is a species of cowardice in not endeavouring to engage in some glorious enterprise. He answers, that he knows one to which he would willingly have the temerity to aspire. He does not declare it, but she understands his meaning, and answers, that he can never attain his wishes unless he has the boldness to think himself equal to them.

This rouses Carlos from his lethargy; and he reflects on his rights. He has received letters from the Duke of Milan, his relation, in which he offers him his protection, and he takes the sudden resolution of being revenged, and reigning in his turn. Henriquez now enters for the purpose of arresting him; the Duke and Margaretta return to witness this seizure, and the lovers exchange a few faultering words which mark a secret intelligence. The foolish father, who does not observe this, desires his daughter to visit Carlos in his prison. "There can be no harm in this," he says, "as he is your cousin; you are handsome, he will fall in love with you, and you will easily draw his secret from him." Margaretta very willingly obeys this command, smiling at her father's simplicity. Estella now enters, accompanied by Tirso, who has been made judge of the village, to ask the Duke to restore her brother to liberty, whom she justifies with great eloquence. Far from yielding to her reasons, he causes her to be confined in the apartment of his daughter.

Margaretta repairs to her lover. He begins immediately by declaring his passion, and though she feigns to be offended, he still continues, until she tells him that the purport of her visit is to enquire whether he acts in concert with the Duke of Milan, who has just entered the states of Parma with a large army. Carlos is much surprised at hearing this; and his cousin adds, that he may fearlessly confide his secret to her, as she will protect him from her father's wrath. He does not hesitate to acknowledge that a hidden intelligence exists between himself and the Milanese; but as he is proceeding to enter into particulars, Margaretta perceives her father, *al pano*, listening to their conversation. She endeavours to silence Carlos, but he does not comprehend her signs, and continues revealing his intentions and criminating himself. She vainly tells him that he is talking nonsense, as just before he had said the contrary; still he persists in declaring every thing, so that the Duke cannot doubt his designs. After this highly wrought scene the Duke enters.

Suddenly an alarm is sounded, and Henriquez comes to say that the Milanese have surrounded the walls, and threaten to take the town by storm, if Carlos is not immediately restored to them. "Well," replies the Duke, "they shall have him, but they shall have him dead." He then orders Henriquez to poison him during the night. "After this," he adds, "*your courage* shall inclose his body in a bier with his arms, and the same ornaments as if it were myself. This accomplished, we will restore him to the Duke of Milan, declaring publicly that grief at being imprisoned had caused his death; and during this time I shall have assembled my troops.

The Duke promises as a recompence to give him Margaretta in marriage. Henriquez is tempted by this offer, although he is in love with Estella; but the one, he says, is a large fortune, and the other only an inclination. Margaretta hears all this; for though her father ordered her to withdraw, she has remained *al pano*.

Tirso is now brought in for having attempted to gain admittance into the prison; and they accuse him of having something hidden beneath his cloaths, which he declares to be nothing but a hump, but it has not the appearance of one; he is searched, and bread and cheese, wine, some tools, and a cord are discovered upon him. The Duke orders him to be confined.

Henriquez, who secretly condemns the tyrant's injustice, cannot make up his mind to poison Carlos, and acquaints the spectators that it is his intention to give him a sleeping potion, and then deliver him to the Milanese.

Night arrives, and Margaretta remembers that the prison has a communication with a tower which stands in the garden, of the door of which she has a key; and being desirous of saving her lover, one would think that she could not do better than open the door and let him out; but she will not adopt this plan; she repairs to the wicket, calls Carlos, and tells him that a lady who is much interested in his fate will procure him his liberty; that at a certain sign which she will explain to him, he has only to approach the door of the tower, where he will find a horse to favour his escape.

He confides little in this offer, and while he is reflecting on it, he hears the rattling of chains near him; he shakes his own in reply, and soon recognizes Tirso, who, in exploring the prison, has found his way to Carlos' cell;

this produces a scene in which the fool excites much laughter. A loud knock is soon heard at the door of the tower: Carlos plays Tirso the trick of making him stand beside the wicket from whence he receives his provisions, and on hearing the signal repeated repairs to the tower, and leaves Tirso behind.

Henriquez, escorted by the Duke, gives the provisions to Tirso, who appears much pleased, and promises himself a good meal. The scene changes, and Margaretta is discovered, dressed in man's apparel, with Carlos whom she has freed; she speaks to him of the lady who has rendered him this service, and makes him promise never to marry without her consent. After having received his promise she leaves him and retires; but soon her voice is heard calling Carlos several times. He answers; and she informs him that she is Margaretta, his cousin; that his death had been resolved, that she has saved his life, and entreats him not to forget her; she continues calling on his name until her voice seems to be lost in the distance. He remains much astonished, declares that he will be grateful, but that he will commence by being revenged of the usurper.

Instead of immediately seeking the Duke of Milan, for he is seen sometimes without the walls and then again within them, without our being informed what means he used to pass and repass them, he spends the night in reconnoitering the camp of his ally. Day-light surprises him in this wily manœuvre; soon he hears the sound of many voices repeating,—"Long live Carlos;" and sees the Duke of Milan beside the walls holding converse with the besieged. One would have imagined that this would have determined Carlos to discover himself; but no, he also possesses the rage for listening. He cautiously approaches, and is much astonished to hear the Duke of Parma's party propose to deliver him up to the Milanese. This astonishment augments at beholding Henriquez, at the head of a detachment, escorting a corpse with great funeral pomp, to the sound of drums and trumpets. At length an envoy approaches the Duke of Milan, and presents him with a bier containing the remains of Carlos, who, he says, has suddenly died during the night. At this the Duke appears furious with rage against Henriquez, and declares that if he did not respect the laws of war he would punish him on the spot. Henriquez replies, that his character of ambassador insures his safety for the present moment, and that in two hours he will answer his threats as his equal, and a Duke of Parma. "How Duke of Parma in two hours?" exclaims the Milanese. "Doubtless," rejoins Henriquez, "since in a few minutes I shall be the husband of the heiress of that state." After having said this he re-enters the town.

The astonishment of Carlos may be imagined on hearing his own death and Margaretta's marriage. He says that he knows not whether he is dead, alive, or asleep, and resolves not to discover himself until he has ascertained the truth of what he has heard. He however concludes that it is possible that Tirso has been poisoned in his stead. A noise is now heard within the coffin; it is hastily opened, and the fool comes out armed and clothed as a knight of the order of St. James. The Duke of Milan questions him, and is fired with indignation at the insult which he thinks the enemy has offered him. He furiously advances, and gives orders for an immediate assault. Carlos ought now, at least, to place himself at the head of a detachment. But no such occurrence happens; he is seen within the walls of the city, without our being informed how he could gain admittance, as his allies are still without. He meets Henriquez, and attacks him; the latter wishes to enter into an explanation, and refuses to fight; but Carlos is resolved, and will listen to nothing from his rival. Notwithstanding his violence, Henriquez succeeds in making him hear his justification; he tells Carlos that he has saved his life, that he is neither in love with Margaretta, nor ambitious, that he has always acknowledged the justice of his cause, and that he would himself have re-established him in his dominions, if he had acted differently, but that as he has defied him, the sword must now decide. Carlos, who does not exactly comprehend all this, wishes in his turn for an explanation and no duel. Henriquez now will do nothing but fight. At length they attack each other; Henriquez falls; Carlos tells him to rise and continue the combat, but he has had enough of it, they enter into an explanation, and Carlos promises to give Henriquez his sister Estella. They now hear a cry of "Long live Estella!" and Henriquez says that it is the people who are rising in her favour. Instead of taking a part in this event, they avail themselves of the tumult to enter the palace, where Carlos hopes to find his mistress.

Estella is seized in Margaretta's apartment to be conducted to prison. The princess complains of this to her father, who tells her that state reasons compel him to it, and informs her that she must immediately marry Henriquez.

He leaves her in a state of inquietude bordering on despair. She exclaims in a transport of grief, "God of love! work a miracle in my

E 2

favour. As my lover is present in my heart, grant that he may hear my lamentations; beloved Carlos, listen to me." "I do," he exclaims, discovering himself. They now begin to converse as if they had nothing else to think of, until they are interrupted by the voice of the Duke.

No one would divine where she now hides her lover; in the same prison where he had already been confined, which is conveniently contiguous to her apartment, to the garden, and to the walls of the city. No dungeon was ever so commodious.

Spanish authors think only of composing scenes, the spots where they are to take place are always *apropos*. If the action requires that they should appear in a street, in a house, or from one apartment to another, without changing the scene, there is always a little curtain, a few feet in width, the actors have nothing to do but to walk round it, and then return to the spot where they were but a second before. Many will suppose that this may have existed a century ago, but the same custom still exists; side scenes are now however substituted instead of screens; but upon the whole the theatre is but indifferently managed; the prompter is also seated behind a curtain, through which his light and his shadow are plainly seen, and he is heard reading aloud, without stopping the piece, which the actors are repeating after him.

The Duke of Milan sends back Tirso to the Duke of Parma, still equipped as a knight, vowing vengeance against him. The tyrant is much surprised at seeing the peasant; he interrogates him, but can only obtain unconnected replies. He is much embarrassed, as he had himself beheld the prisoner swallow the poisoned wine; he however concludes that the peasant must have been found asleep in the dungeon, that he has been mistaken for the prince and placed in the coffin, and that consequently Carlos must still be lying dead in the prison. He is going there when his daughter wishes to detain him, and endeavours to frighten him, by telling him that she has seen Carlos' ghost dressed in armour. He laughs at her fears, and attempts to enter, when Carlos appears sword in hand, and the terrified Duke calls for assistance. Henriquez now enters, and informs the Duke that the city is taken; he adds aside, "I myself opened the doors." Doubtless he had the key in his pocket, as Margaretta had that of the prison.

The Duke of Milan appears furious, and seems desirous of destroying the whole town; the tyrant submits without making any resistance; but his enemy declares he will avenge on him the death of Carlos. "If to restore him to you living will appease your wrath," says Margaretta, "I will conduct him to you instantly." She without any further ceremony goes to fetch him; he appears, his dukedom is restored to him, he marries Margaretta, gives his sister to Henriquez; and thus ends the play.

The characters are not well drawn; the Duke of Parma is a weak and cowardly tyrant, incessantly a prey to remorse, and always having recourse to perfidious measures with which fear inspires him.

His daughter entertains neither fear nor respect for him; she falls in love with Carlos, whom she has only seen for an instant, makes him very unbecoming advances, and betrays her father without the least repugnance, whom she sacrifices to her lover.

Carlos possesses no character at all; he commences by being a philosopher, and finishes by being nothing; he is neither very much in love, nor very ambitious; he is occupied in gallanting his mistress whilst his allies are fighting for him.

Henriquez acts the part of a traitor, who lays snares for Carlos in order to obtain his secrets; he loves Estella, yet fear of the tyrant makes him consent to marry Margaretta; he at last betrays his master, who places entire confidence in him, and gives him up as well as the city to the enemy.

The *gracioso* is a vulgar peasant, whose occupation is that of taking care of pigs; he is often very disgusting, however he is the favourite of Carlos and Estella, and is chosen alcade, or judge of his village.

From this it may be imagined that this piece is insupportable; and yet it is impossible to read it, and much more to see it, without being much pleased. The language is in general extremely good; the scenes, though wretchedly brought together, are well filled; even the peasant, who is incessantly appearing in some burlesque situation, cannot fail to entertain; and, upon the whole, the amusement which must be derived from its scenes ought to make us forget its inconsistencies.

D. Augustin Moreto, the author of it, always erred against rules and probability; he had but one aim, which was to amuse the spectators, and he certainly was not unacquainted with the means.

E. R.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 299, *Vol. III.*]

Of the Cosmetics for beautifying the Skin, continued.

OIL OF CACAO.

THIS is the best and most natural of all salves. It is particularly suitable for such ladies as have a dry skin, rendering it soft and smooth without giving it the appearance of being greasy. It is much used by the Spanish ladies of Mexico. In France and England it cannot be used pure, because it grows too hard; it is, therefore, necessary to mix it with some other oil, for instance, oil of ben, or oil of sweet almonds extracted without fire. Oil of ben is likewise used with success as a lenitive for burns, acrid eruptions, chapped lips, and sore breasts.

OIL OF BEN.

This oil is extracted by expression from the nuts known by the same name. It possesses the property of never becoming rancid; it has neither taste nor smell. In consequence of this latter quality the perfumers make use of it with advantage to take the smell of flowers, and to make very agreeable essences.

The ladies also use this oil to soften the skin, when mixed with vinegar and nitre it is employed for curing pimples and itchings.

TALC.

The ancients bestowed high encomiums on a water, or oil of talc, which according to them, possessed the property of whitening the complexion, and ensuring to women the freshness of youth till the most advanced age. We know not in what manner the ancients composed this precious cosmetic. A French author gives the way of composing a liquid that may serve as a substitute for it; and a German chemist has also published a method of supplying the loss of this secret possessed by the ancients.

WATER OF TALC; BY THE AUTHOR OF ABDEKER.

"All those who have directed their attention to cosmetics, have regretted the loss of the secret of making water of talc, and have looked upon it as a discovery of the utmost importance to the graces. The following composition perhaps approaches nearest to that highly vaunted cosmetic," says the author of Abdeker.

"Take any quantity of talc, divide it into laminæ, and calcine it with yellow sulphur. When calcined, pound it, and wash it in a great quantity of hot water. When you are sure that you have extracted all the salts by this lotion, gently pour off the water, and leave the pulp at the bottom of the vessel to dry. When dry, calcine it in a furnace for two hours with a strong heat. Then take a pound of this calcined talc and reduce it to powder, with too ounces of sal ammoniac. Put the whole in a glass bottle, and set it in a damp place. All the talc will spontaneously dissolve, and then there is nothing more to do than to pour off the liquor gently, taking great care not to disturb it. This liquor is as white and as bright as a pearl, and it is impossible to present the sex with a cosmetic whose effects are more astonishing."

OIL OF TALC, ACCORDING TO M. JUSTI.

M. Justi, a German chemist, has likewise endeavoured to recover a secret of such importance for the fair sex. His process is as follows:—

He took one part of benetian talc, and two parts of calcined borax. After he had perfectly pulverized and mixed these substances, he put them into a crucible, which he covered with a lid, and placed in a furnace. He exposed it for an hour to a very violent heat, and at the end of that time, he found the mixture transformed into glass of a greenish yellow colour. This glass he reduced to powder, then mixed it with two parts of salt of tartar, and again melted the whole in a crucible. By this second fusion he obtained a mass, which he placed in a cellar, upon an inclined piece of glass, with a vessel underneath it. In a short time the whole was converted into a liquid in which the talc was perfectly dissolved.

"It is obvious," say the authors of the Encyclopædia, "that by this process you obtain a liquid of the same nature as that called oil of tartar *par defaillance*, which is nothing but fixed alkali dissolved by humidity. It is very

doubtful whether the talc contributes any thing or nothing to the properties of this liquid: but it is certain that fixed alkali possesses the property of making the skin perfectly white and clean, and of taking away any spots which it might have contracted. For the rest it seems that this liquid may be applied without any danger to the skin.

OIL OF TARTAR.

Take a pound and a half of white wine tartar, two ounces of saltpetre, an ounce and a half of calcined tin, and an ounce of rock alum. Pound them all together; put them into an earthen plate and expose them to a reverberating fire till they are calcined; then put an ounce of this substance calcined quite white into a pint of brandy.

Though those who have written on the subject of the toilette, have recommended this composition as one of the best cosmetics that can be used for whitening the complexion, it is necessary to be careful not to use it to excess. I have already given a caution respecting the danger of applying to the skin such compositions in which metallic calcines are ingredients.

LOTION OF THE LADIES OF DENMARK.

Take equal parts of bean-flour, of the four cold seeds, and of fresh cream; beat the whole up together, adding a sufficient quantity of milk to make an ointment, which apply to the face.

This receipt is extracted from the *Ami des Femmes*. Another author asserts, that the lotion used by the Danish ladies is totally different; it is what is called *l'Eau de Pigeon*. It is composed in the following manner:

Take juice of water-lilies, of melons, of cucumbers, of lemons, of each one ounce; briony, wild succory, lily-flowers, borage, beans, of each a handful; eight pigeons hashed. Put the whole mixture into an alembic, adding four ounces of lump sugar well pounded, one dram of borax, the same quantity of camphor, the crumb of three French rolls, and a pint of white wine. When the whole has remained in digestion for seventeen or eighteen days, proceed to distillation, and you will obtain pigeon water, which is so favourable for the complexion.

It is by washing themselves with this water, we are told, that the Danish ladies, who have naturally a fine complexion, preserve all the freshness of early youth till the age of fifty.

ALUM.

Some persons, in order to give lustre to the skin, make use of water in which alum has been dissolved; but this practice is pernicious. Alum, which possesses a highly astringent property, gives the skin too great a degree of tension. It becomes brilliant, it is true; but the too great tension takes away its elasticity, and premature wrinkles are the consequence. The astringent quality of the alum must, therefore, be attempered. This is done by means of the following composition which may be used without danger.

SACCHARINE ALUM.

Boil white of eggs and alum in rose-water; make them up into a paste, which mould into the form of small sugar-loaves. The ladies use this paste to give greater firmness to the skin.

ANOTHER.

Take two ounces of borax, two ounces of alum, and two drams of camphor. Pulverize the whole, and boil it in a considerable quantity of spring water. Then dilute the whites of two eggs with a little verjuice, and throw it into your water when it is taken from the fire. Leave it exposed to the sun for the space of twenty days. This lotion, says Dr. Le Camus, produces wonderful effects and seems to restore youth to decayed faces.

EAUX DE VEAU.

Take a calf's foot, and boil it in four quarts of river water till it is reduced to half the quantity. Add half a pound of rice, and boil it with crumb of white bread, steeped in milk, a pound of fresh butter, and the whites of five fresh eggs, with their shells and membranes. Mix with them a small quantity of camphor and alum, and distil the whole. This cosmetic is one that may be strongly recommended.

ANOTHER.

Take three calves' feet chopped small, three melons of middling size, three cucumbers, four or five fresh eggs, a slice of gourd, two lemons, a pint of skimmed milk, a gallon of rose-water, a quart of juice of water-lilies, a pint of juice of plantain and wild tansy, and half an ounce of borax. Distil the whole in a *Balneâ Mariæ*.

[*To be Continued.*] p. 70.

SICILIAN LOVE.

Cuenna was born at Florence. She was the only child of opulent parents; but had their family been ever so numerous, she would probably have been the greatest favourite, such was the beauty of her person, the precocity of her wit, the brilliancy of her understanding, and the enchanting vivacity of her soul. Before she had completed her tenth year, she lost her mother, and in her twelfth she was absolute mistress of her father, a man of so weak a mind that it appeared as if he could not live without being governed by somebody.

She had now attained her eighteenth year: the fire peculiar to her countrywomen seemed to burn in her with three-fold strength. Her genius despised every thing common; and for this reason her native country soon disgusted her. She thought it uniform and disagreeable, was ardently desirous of a change of scenery, and soon found means to inspire her father with the same sentiments.

He possessed estates in Sicily. Cuenna had often heard of the beauty of that island spoken of in the highest terms; she fancied that she should there meet with new friends, and better company; in a word, that in Sicily she should enjoy superior happiness. She incessantly importuned her father to remove thither, and he at length complied with her desire.

They arrived at Messina; and though upon a nearer view much of the glory of the imaginary Elysium disappeared, still, in many respects, Cuenna's judgment seemed to have been correct. Sicily abounded with beautiful females, but this stranger threatened to eclipse them all. A crowd of young men of the noblest birth, of the highest rank, and of the greatest fortune, soon collected round her. All aspired to her love, many solicited her hand. The heart of Cuenna, however, remained unmoved. The conquest of it was reserved for a foreigner.

The Sicilians had about this period begun to attract the notice of all Europe. The weight of the iron yoke of Spain, which threatened to impoverish and depopulate a country resembling Eden itself in fertility, at length became insupportable to its bold inhabitants. They endeavoured to shake it off, and implored the assistance of France. France listened to their intreaties, and sent to their aid a considerable force commanded by Vivonne, brother to the celebrated Madame de Montespan. If her feminine charms were irresistibly captivating, his manly beauty was not less dangerous; she possessed the love of the monarch, and he enjoyed his favour. He entertained a high regard for every art and science, from each of which he had borrowed all that can polish and adorn the mind. The influence of his sister elevated him to the rank of marshal of France; true heroism, and profound military knowledge rendered him worthy of the post. He seemed to be as invincible in the field as in the chamber of the ladies. In the former, the man of honour, courage and fidelity never manifested irresolution; in the latter, his conduct was more commonly governed by the principles of the gay and fashionable world.

Vivonne now made his solemn entry as the viceroy of Messina. The people welcomed him with all the acclamations with which they are accustomed to hail a new government and that of their own choosing. That great city displayed all its magnificence in order to give him a suitable reception. A band of martial music led the way, and was followed by a troop of the finest French cavalry. Next came the immediate retinue of the viceroy; a numerous train of servants magnificently dressed, and of noble youths, beautiful as Ganymede, and perhaps in other respects resembling that favourite of the gods; gilded state coaches, drawn by superb horses, and lastly Vivonne himself, upon a stately charger, at once handsome and dignified; pride on his brow, affability in his look, and condescending complacency in his demeanor—in every point of view a most accomplished man!

Every balcony in Messina was filled with spectators; they were occupied by the fairest daughters of the land in the most sumptuous apparel. Vivonne turned to each and respectfully saluted the ladies as he passed. His eyes had often lingered for a moment, but when he was opposite to Cuenna's balcony they became suddenly fixed. In a white robe, with only a flower in her hair, she stood—nothing owing to art, but to nature infinitely indebted—among twenty young females sparkling with diamonds, and eclipsed them all. No sooner did the viceroy behold her than every former impression was effaced. For a minute his stiffened hand involuntarily checked the progress of his horse. He rode forward, but not without looking back at least a dozen times. To him the other streets appeared empty and

dull. The most fickle mortal on the face of the earth was now transformed into the enthusiast.

But Signora Cuenna was as much, or perhaps still more, thunder-struck than Vivonne. She had now met with her conqueror, and she felt in its full extent, the wound inflicted on her heart. Though convinced that she had never beheld so handsome a man, yet she heard but too plainly the objections which reason urged against such a passion. She recollected his levity, with which she was already acquainted by report; reflected that she was in Sicily, and that this amiable foreigner was a Frenchman. On the spot where in those horrid vespers, his forefathers, atoned for their lewdness with their blood, ought she to conceive an attachment for a man whom she beheld for the first time, and who probably would not return her passion? Even if he did, what was to become of her honour, her reputation, her virtue; was she to ruin irrevocably either her peace of mind or her good name? Was she to sacrifice every thing to her passion, or should she not rather sacrifice the latter to her high birth and to conscious rectitude?—Unavailing contest! In every region love proves victorious, but scarcely in any so soon as in Sicily. A voluptuous climate there renders every nerve more irritable, heightens every joy, and adds keenness to every sorrow. Cuenna felt to her cost in what country she resided, and all the ardency of the blood that there circulates through the veins.

Agreeably to the practice of French politeness, Vivonne began the next day to pay visits to all the ladies of Messina of a certain rank; and it may easily be imagined that he did not forget Cuenna. But the tone of his conversation was less polite with her than with any of the rest; that graceful levity and ease which, as a Frenchman and an accomplished courtier, were doubly his own, entirely forsook him. In every other place he was accustomed to act as if he was at home; with her he had great difficulty to conceal his embarrassment. No story of the court of his great Louis, no flattery which he otherwise lavished upon the charms of every beautiful female none of those *bon mots* for which he was so distinguished could he here produce. He was but half himself.

This half Vivonne, however, established his power so much the more firmly over Cuenna's heart. What cared she about King Louis? What did she want to know about his court? How insipid would the most refined flattery have appeared to her! She looked at Vivonne's eyes alone, and they told her that she was beloved. Her wishes were now converted into hope; this hope formed plans, fugitive as the breezes of May, but not less delightful.

Vivonne gave public entertainments to the nobility of Messina. Cuenna was invited among the rest; she was the only individual of her sex and age who did not join in the diversion of dancing, and yet never failed to be present. How indeed could she have staid away! Vivonne was there; she saw him, she spoke to him, and drank copious draughts of the nectar and wormwood of love. One day when she had declined the invitations of many of the noblest young men to dance, Vivonne timidly approached and ventured to solicit her for his partner. Crimson blushes overspread her cheeks, and her knees trembled when she was about to rise and to comply with his desire; she was scarcely able to support herself, and by an obeisance to refuse his request. Immediately afterwards she was taken so ill that she was obliged, though with the utmost reluctance, to retire.

Next day Vivonne hastened in person to inquire after her health. He found her pale and restless; her eyes announced the agitation of her mind, and sighs half suppressed, burst from her bosom. What Frenchman, conscious like Vivonne, of the whole extent of his merits, could any longer have doubted his victory? He was fully aware of the cause of her indisposition. He made a declaration of his love. He did it with ardor, and with ardor it was returned. No feigned coyness disguised the real sentiments of the heart; no forced modesty revolted at his confession. The heart of Cuenna flew to meet him. With what tenderness, with what fire glowed her first embrace!

"Yes, Vivonne," replied she, "I love you, I cannot conceal the darling passion of my soul, and with pleasure I follow whithersoever it leads me. In your country they act with greater caution and reserve. In France you love not as we do; but you have there no Etna. Impressed by your merits, transported by your manly beauty, and still more by the love which beams from your eyes, you are from this moment the ruler, the sovereign of my heart."

From that moment Cuenna actually abandoned herself entirely to the impetuosity of passion. From her earliest youth an enemy to all restraint, and long accustomed to govern all around her, not excepting her own father, she now took no pains to disguise the feelings of her heart. She was equally indifferent to public opinion; reputation was in comparison of her love, a trivial consideration; Vivonne was the only person in the world on whose good opinion she seemed to set any value.

"O God, how I love this man!" she once exclaimed, at the same time putting her arm with the utmost tenderness round the marshal's neck.—"Ah Louis, how I love you! And you love me too; this I know; and hope that you will ever continue to love me. But if you should prove inconstant, were you to do what I can scarcely utter, what I can scarcely endure to think of; O Vivonne, do you know what I would do? Do you know what I have carried close to my bosom, since the first day of our love?"

"What then?"

"See here, this dagger! Louis, in that bosom which I now press so fervently to my breast, into that heart, for which, if it now ceased to beat I would purchase returning pulsation for ever so short a time, at the expence of my life—into that very heart would I plunge this dagger."

At these words a secret horror seized Vivonne, but he replied with the most impassioned protestations of love and constancy.—Constancy! How seldom does this quality accompany excessive warmth! And yet to do justice to the marshal, he was less of a Frenchman than a thousand others would have been in his place. With his whole soul he had formed this connection, and remained true to his engagement long enough for a courtier. He divided his time between war and love, and that so conscientiously as to do justice both to his country and his mistress. But what general, what viceroy was ever without enemies! One of those who secretly envied Vivonne sent word in a letter to Versailles, that the viceroy was blindly governed by a passion, which so entirely absorbed his soul, as to render him incapable of those exertions which the service of the King required. "While the bold Ruyter," continued the slanderer, "is approaching the coasts of Sicily with his fleet, Vivonne is wasting the precious moments in the arms of his Cuenna; and the Dutchman will gain an easy victory, and utterly destroy us, unless some other leader than our marshal goes out to meet him."

The rumour of this letter was soon circulated through the whole court: it was with difficulty that Madame de Montespan prevented its reaching the ear of the King; and in a severe letter to her brother, she immediately commanded him to break with his Signora. The answer of Vivonne was that of an ardent lover and an intrepid warrior. His sister, he observed, must know from her own experience, that the chains of love cannot be broken at pleasure; and her own heart must tell her, that perfidy to a person who has sacrificed to us every thing, friends, relations, reputation, nay virtue and honour themselves, is a grievous crime. He was therefore determined to remain constant to his Cuenna; but never should the service of the King, or his duties as a viceroy and a general be neglected on account of this passion.

He soon afterwards proved that he was in earnest with respect to the latter assertion. His courage was but too speedily put to the test.—Enfeebled Spain now called upon the same States-General with whom she had once waged such a long and sanguinary war, for assistance against France. They resolved to grant her aid, and to send a fleet to Sicily. The squadron itself was not very numerous, but the great Ruyter, himself a host, was appointed the commander. This extraordinary man, who from the condition of a cabin-boy, had raised himself to the rank of admiral, and on whom the Spanish monarch now intended to confer the ducal title, one of the first naval heroes of his own or any other age,—Ruyter, more than once the saviour of his country, esteemed even by the English as their enemy, and dreaded by all the other maritime powers of Europe, now far advanced in years, but still possessing all the energy and activity of youth; Ruyter appeared with his vessels in the Mediterranean. To tremble a little before him would have been pardonable, even in the brave, but Vivonne needed not this pardon. He, on the contrary, rejoiced in the opportunity of contending with such a foe, and hastened from Cuenna's arms, bedewed with her tears, and almost suffocated with her embraces, to the fleet commanded by Du Quesne, who might almost be denominated a French Ruyter. With loud shouts the French advanced under the conduct of such leaders to meet the foe; and the Dutch admiral, with the most phlegmatic composure, prepared for the engagement. Serenity and *sang froid* had always been the principal traits of his character.

While Messina was yet in anxious suspense, and uncertain whether its defenders or its assailants would prove victorious, Cuenna was filled with apprehension, not for the issue of the conflict, nor for her lover, but his heart, rather than his fate, was the object of her concern. At his departure he had vowed to her fidelity, eternal fidelity; but his ardour already seemed to have suffered some diminution; and now at a distance from her, upon a cold and faithless element, surrounded perhaps by men who might hate and vilify her; unfortunate Cuenna, what sleepless nights must these reflections have occasioned thee.

A new report was suddenly whispered about

in Messina. The court of Versailles, it was said, had been informed of the passion of Vivonne; the haughty Montespan had ordered her brother to break off this connection, and had received from him a promise of amendment. This rumour reached the ears of Cuenna, who snatched a pen, and wrote the following letter to Vivonne :—

"Why did you never mention a word to me concerning your imperious sister? Is it true that she has the audacity to disapprove the engagements of our love? Answer me without reserve.—Let her even be the mistress of your mighty King; what exalts her in the estimation of thousands, only debases her in mine. I am attached at least to one who is my equal. Love without equality is a phantom of the imagination, and the haughty Montespan is a stranger to real affection. With what front then, can she presume to pronounce an opinion on love?—But away with such a sister! I hate her. Let me now speak of yourself! How do you receive her command to forsake me? Most assuredly you have broken with her before this time. Give me an answer to this?—Not a word about my own feelings! I scarcely know what I feel. This infernal news absorbs my whole soul. Answer me, I enjoin you."

To this note, dictated by half smothered rage, Vivonne replied in the gentlest and most polite manner, and confirmed the declaration of his constancy with hollow protestations.

"I am right," exclaimed Cuenna; "he has ceased to love me. But down with him to the ground! Down with him!" Disguised in male attire, she forced her way, much against the will of the captain, on board a frigate that was sent after the fleet. Swiftly as the ship ploughed the billows, every moment appeared an age to the impatient Cuenna. At length she descried the fleet, and the admiral's ship which carried Vivonne. She procured a boat, and was conveyed to it. How astonished was Vivonne, when he was informed that a young man was enquiring for him in a fierce tone. How he was thunder-struck when the youth himself entered the cabin, and at the first glance he recognized Cuenna!

"I am come," said she, "for a verbal answer to my letter. Your written reply I did not like."—The marshal stammered some incoherent words. The Florentine looked round, and beheld a young female of extraordinary beauty, whom Vivonne would have concealed from her view by standing before her, and who had withdrawn in alarm into a corner. Cuenna was on the point of rushing upon her perfidious lover; she advanced one step and suddenly checked herself. Not a word escaped her lips; she hastily retired from the cabin, beckoned to the boat, and returned to Messina. She sat the whole way with her head resting on her right hand; not a tear bedimmed her eye, not a sigh burst from her labouring bosom, but all hell raged in her soul. Revenge was brooding over a mighty project, and scarcely had she the patience to wait till she could begin to put it in execution. Ruyter, she knew, lay at anchor at Agosta. A boat, hired for a large sum, carried her thither. With the same boldness as she entered the cabin of Vivonne, she now sought the Dutch hero on board the admiral's ship.

[*To be continued.*]

Page 66

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN EPILOGUE,

TO THE PLAY OF THE EUNUCH, AS ACTED BY THE WESTMINSTER BOYS.

Spoken by Thais, Thraso, Gnatho, and Pythias.

Thais entering.

So far so well.—*Gnath.* He comes, your Gen'ral see,
Thais (aside). No fonder fool, no happier dupe than he.
Thras. Know'st thou what's done?—*Tha.* I do.—*Thra.* This woman's love
The Gods shall witness.—*Gna.* And your pocket prove.
Thais. Now let me live, who've been so fond and true,
As suits my station, and becoming you,
Our altered house must choicest taste confess,
Our furniture and dress.—*Gnath.* You mean *undress.*
Pyth. Ah petticoats invisible!—*Thra.* sweet! I know
From thee the happiest taste will ever flow.
Thais. By thee (of all mankind alone adored)
To fortune, fashion, and to fame restored,

The world shall be one blaze, and fashion's host,
My countless guests, shall fill the MORNING POST.
Known or unknown, or friend or foe shall come,
Squeezed they shall be when Thais is at home.
What fame, what envy shall we not create,
Our taste, our splendour in a dashing fete!
Thras. But I with thee will dance—to thee still steady—
Gnath. And I will watch the door till supper's ready;
Sanga shall cook his best.—*Thais.* He cook my meat!—
I've hired a dozen Frenchmen for the treat.
Pyth. But servants!—*Thais.* Right, I want a black.—*Thra.* Ah, no!—
Blacks are not slaves, *the Talents* all say so.
Thais. Slaves they shall be;—no talents we'll suborn,
But such as have the talent to adorn.
Thras. Be that my care, for I'm the very man
To furnish houses on the newest plan.
No *workman* I, but still of fashion sure,
Not an upholsterer, but an amateur;
None with such art a footstool's fringe can place,
Or hang a curtain with such swelling grace;
None knew like me, if hangings brown or red
Invite the softest slumbers to a bed;
Or who to tell the world so well is able,
What claws may best support *a dinner table?*
Who with like skill hath ventured to explore
Which best may hold a light, a serpent or a boar?
To mix with graver taste the true grotesque,
And join the Egyptian to the Arabesque;
This is true taste.—*Pyth.* But mind you do not fail
To give your human beasts a horse's tail!
Thras. But think what wond'rous art each house discovers
In tripods, cabinets, and cups and covers;
A griffin here, and there a prostrate sphinx,
A ponderous eagle, and an eyeless lynx.
Gnath. Such talents sure, no mortal e'er possest;
Thais. And I of women sure, most proud and blest.
Thras. But, my dear life, what untried beauties call
For a new place upon our outward wall;
The Greek 's exploded, in this nicer age
The Gothic ornament is all the rage.
Pull down these shapeless fronts, and at your door
This Grecian plainness shall be seen no more.
Thais (turning to the stage scenery; given many years ago by the late Archbishop of York).
No! many a day these much lov'd scenes shall stand,
And Heav'n avert your desolating hand.
No barbarous taste shall this our stage deform,
To alter is not always to reform.
For us the Grecian style is still most fit,
Their classic elegance, and attic wit;
For ever here be Grecian taste approved,
That Grecian taste our wise forefathers loved.

RICHMOND HILL.

General view of the objects from Richmond Hill, including the Royal Gardens of Richmond and Kew: compared with the most celebrated hills of antiquity.—Richmond the Parnassus, and its Vale the Tempe of Britain.

LOVELIEST of hills that rise in glory round,
With swelling domes and glittering villas crown'd!
For loftier though majestic Windsor tower,
The richer landscape's thine, the nobler bower.
Imperial seat of noble grandeur, hail!
Rich diamond! sparkling in a golden vale;
Or vivid emerald! whose serener rays
Beam mildly forth, with mitigated blaze,
And, 'midst the splendors of an ardent sky,
With floods of verdant light refresh the eye:
Richmond! still welcome to my longing sight,
Of a long race of kings the proud delight!
Of old the sainted sage thy groves admired,
When with devotion's hallow'd transports fired,
From Sheen's monastic gloom thy brow he sought,
And on its summit paus'd in raptur'd thought,
Stretch'd on the horizon's bound his ardent gaze,
And hymn'd aloud the great Creator's praise.

And still, where'er I turn my wondering eyes,
The dazzling visions, like enchantment, rise.
Fir'd with yon glowing orb's solsticial beam,
The kindling hills reflect the vivid gleam,
Round their broad base, and down their verdant sides,
Full many a sparkling stream meand'ring glides,
And urging to the Thames its shining way,
Flames on the view beneath the fervid ray.
Rich pastures here, and swelling lawns invite,
And all Arcadia charms the raptur'd sight;
There courteous Ceres waves her golden stores,
There all her blooming wealth Pomona pours,
The searching beams each darksome glen illume,
And penetrate the grotto's deepest gloom;

From lofty Windsor to Augusta's fanes,
One burst of song, one blaze of glory reigns;
While wafting from La Plata's distant shores,
Brazilian gems, and bright Peruvian ores,
Through green savannahs, and embow'ring woods,
Majestic rolls the sire of British floods;
In whose bright mirror, cloudless and serene,
The beauties of the blue expanse are seen.

What radiant tints adorn th' enamell'd ground!
What rich Sabæan odours float around!
For on this beauteous brow, where kindly dews,
And vernal gales their genial warmth diffuse,
And in the spacious vale that spreads below,
In many a fragrant garden taught to blow,
Each costlier shrub the bounteous spring bestows,
And every gorgeous flow'r that summer knows,
Call'd from each distant clime, and ransack'd shore,
Their mingl'd scents in rich profusion pour!
But chief in those delightful lawns display'd,
Yon proud Arbustum of exotic shade!
Where Britain's Queen in rural grandeur reigns,
The Guardian Genius of the pictur'd plains—
Bids to our view Hesperian germs unfold,
And clothes those walls with vegetable gold—
Where breathe the rose-buds of eternal spring,
And Zephyr ever spreads his halcyon wing;
While Taste and Ayton all their skill combine,
And with the tropic fruits the polar join—
Concenter'd all the charms of nature bloom,
And ev'ry gale comes loaded with perfume.
Hail to thee, lovely Richmond! hail, once more,
Thy beauteous blossom'd vale, and winding shore;
Raptur'd I plunge amid the inmost bow'rs,
And range, enamour'd, all thy beds of flow'rs;
Kiss the dear earth in youth with transport trod,
And with my bosom press the fragrant sod.

Ye radiant children of the vernal year,
Flora's gay tribes that gild our darkling sphere,
Models of beauty, in the rainbow dyed,
Whose native charms art's proudest boast deride;
That, flush'd with crimson, now superbly blow,
Now robed in bright imperial purple glow;
Oh! in full pomp your mingled glories spread,
Oh! in full tides your confluent odours shed;
Around me let nectareous rivers glide,
And all the seasons burst in all their pride.

Not that fam'd mount, within whose hallow'd bounds,
The lyre of Greece pour'd forth celestial sounds,
Sublime Parnassus; nor th' unmeasur'd height
Of vast Olympus, thund'ring Jove's delight!
Nor hoary Ida, from whose pine-clad brow,
A thousand gushing springs salubrious flow—
Thou fair Parnassus of the British isles!
Where freedom still 'midst crumbling empires, smiles;
Not these, though high in classic song they soar,
And glory wafts their fame round ev'ry shore,
Not these, sweet hill! thy proud renown excel,
Where noblest bards have smote the deep-toned shell,
Sov'reigns, like Jove, the world's bright sceptre sway'd,
And many a goddess haunts the Elysian shade;
Thy beauteous vale their boasted Tempe shames,
A nobler Peneus glides thy winding Thames,
Through lovelier pastures rolls his fost'ring wave,
And nourishes a race more nobly brave.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF STRANGFORD'S TRANSLATION FROM CAMOENS.

O THOU to whom the strains are dear,
By fancy pour'd at feeling's shrine;
Whose heart is true to passion's tear,
Whose brows the wreath of song entwine.

Come hail with me the gleams of joy
That brighten round the poet's head;
With me the vocal shell employ,
To mourn the gloom that wraps his bed.

Hast thou not own'd in passion's trance,
The power that dwells in beauty's sight;
Hung on the charm of beauty's glance,
And shared the bliss of beauty's eye.

Then turn'd the pensive step away,
With chaster thoughts to virtue given;
With all of love's diviner sway,
With vows of purer life to Heaven!

Come hail with me the gleams of joy,
That brighten round the poet's head;
With me the vocal shall employ,
To mourn the gloom that wraps his bed.

By valour's spell the forms shall crowd,
So wont his bolder tones to hear;
The din of war shall murmur loud,
And bright shall gleam the threat'ning spear.

For he who breath'd the sweetest shell
Could rise to valour's loftier strain;
Could bid the breeze of battle swell,
And brave the toils of danger's plain.

Come, beauty, shed the tear for him
  Who tun'd for thee his silver lyre;
The heart is cold, the eye is dim,
  That throbb'd to love, that beam'd with fire.

But oh! thou dream of pale distress,
  That frowns upon his parting soul;
Dreg'd his last cup with wretchedness,
  And bade Despair's loud thunder roll.

Hide from soft beauty's gaze thy form,
  Nor rise to wound the feeling breast;
Nor chill with fear the accents warm,
  That bid his parted spirit rest!

LINES,

Written on being told by a worthy Clergyman that a Robin used to come and look in his glass, and sing while viewing himself therein.

SWEET bird, again thy pretty likeness view,
Again thy charming melody renew,
Again with rapture swell thy little throat,
And please my ear with thy delicious note

Say lovely minstrel, say what moves thy tongue
To warble thus thy soft delightful song,
While as my mirror's clear reflecting ray,
Does to thy sight thy beauteous form display?

Can pride of conscious charms inspire thy breast,
To see such lively tints thy plumes invest,
As when the blooming maid surveys her face,
Proud that her mien possesses such a grace?
Or dost thou fancy 'tis thy dear lov'd mate,
And swell'st thy song her ear to serenate?
Or else does grateful ardour thee inflame,
To Him, the author of creation's frame,
Who on thy form such colours did bestow,
And bid thy bosom with such beauty glow,
Who in so rich a down thy limbs array'd
While in thy food his bounty is display'd?

Whate'er the cause, sweet bird, thou shalt not want
For each indulgence that my hand can grant;
My open'd window still shall tempt thy sight,
My mirror still thy fancy shall invite;
My crumbled bread its dainties shall dispense,
To please thy palate and regale thy sense;
Nor shall my cat, each feather'd songster's foe,
Whilst thou art there her dreaded visage show.

Then come, O come, my charity repay,
Come please me with thy sweet and varied lay;
And when cold winter's chilling wind shall blow,
Thou in my house a shelter warm may'st know,
May'st hop at pleasure on my sprinkled floor,
Eat up the crumbs, nor fear the bolted door?
And when fair spring revisits earth again,
And Flora blushes o'er the verdant plain,
Don't wander far from my green bank's sweet side,
But there thy nest among its verdure hide;
Then tune thy louder notes, and let my ear
Thy vernal song's more sprightly music hear;
I still will often bless thee with a treat,
Thou still shalt find some dainty crumbs to eat;
And if thou lov'st thy pretty form to see,
My mirror to thy sight is always free.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE 78TH BIRTH-DAY OF MRS. STEPHENSON, BY HER SON.

THIS morning, ere yet I arose from my bed,
Your birth-day, dear mother, came into my head.
With an heart full of pleasure I welcom'd the date
That mark'd your arrival at seventy and eight.

Then reflecting how few, either women or men,
E'er attain to the limits of threescore and ten,
I ador'd the Almighty, whose goodness so great
Had preserved your existence to seventy and eight.

But, when I consider'd the years that are fled,
And of those you lov'd living, how many are dead!
Surely vain, I exclaim'd, is the mortal estate,
And I pity'd the sorrows of seventy and eight.

Still to those who so number the days that pass o'er,
As of virtue and wisdom to lay up a store,
Whose wishes are humble, whose thoughts are sedate,
Some comforts remain e'en at seventy and eight.

Yes; they who have early accomplish'd the mind,
E'en in sickly old age many comforts may find;
And such is the case, I exultingly say 't,
Of my excellent mother of seventy and eight.

Her patience and piety, goodness and sense,
Will live in remembrance for many years hence;
Her praises too highly I never can rate,
Nor account all her merits at seventy and eight.

Her tender regard, her attention and care,
I have felt from a child, but want words to declare;
O! let me then pay, ere it yet be too late
Due honour to her, and to seventy and eight.

Contented I'd live in the lowest degree,
To see you from care and anxiety free;
And while some court the rich, others flatter the great,
I bow to my mother of seventy and eight.

Might I live to behold her an hundred years older,
In the arms of affection I still would enfold her;
No distance of time would my ardour abate,
I'm so fond of my mother of seventy and eight.

And now I have only to sing and to say,
"May you see many happy returns of this day;
And, O! may the office and pleasure be mine,
To hail your arrival at seventy and nine."

J. S.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JANUARY.

KING'S THEATRE.

The differences of the Opera Proprietors have been so far accommodated that the house was opened on the second of January; when Madame Catalani came forward in the favourite Opera of *Semiramide*, the music of which was composed by Portogallo, expressly for herself.

Her talents were alone considered and not her recent conduct; she was applauded therefore as she merited for the one, but not condemned as she deserved for the other. It seems a kind of fashion to put up with the insolence of a singer, and a foreigner; and it is a disgrace to the national feeling that Madame Catalani, instead of being presented with a *carte blanche* from the Opera Managers, had not been saluted with a warrant from the *Alien Office*.

The Opera House does more to *frivolize* and corrupt the national taste than any other amusement of the age.—It makes our old men fools, and our young men *dilettantes*;—and, too often, something worse.

A woman of quality gives more money in one season for her Opera box, than she spends in useful purposes all the rest of her life. The rent of one of these PAINTED STYES exceeds the annual income of two score of Welch curates. And amongst whom does the money go? Amongst singers, whose best character in the country is that of being spies; and to dancers, who get paid, and wish the nation at the devil.

With respect to Madame Catalani we make no present application.—She may be a good character, but she is intolerably insolent.

The ensuing musical season is likely to be full of bustle, as Billington boldly enters the lists in competition with Catalani.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, January 12th, was brought forward at this house a new piece (we know not well what to call it), in three acts.—It was entitled *The Wanderer; or, the Rights of Hospitality.*"

As it usurped that precedence and portion of time upon the stage which is usually allotted to Tragedy and Comedy, we are bound to consider it as a first piece, and not as a Melo Drama, or a Pantomime.

This involves us in some difficulties.—Had it found its place amongst the latter species of compositions, our observations would have assumed a different colour of criticism; but as it comes forth arrayed in the usual circumstances of length, gravity, order, and precedence which belong to the first class of dramatic works, we are bound to remark upon it in a style somewhat more formal and solemn.

In a few words then,—This piece is reputable to none of the parties concerned it; neither to author, actors, nor manager. It is said to have found its way to the English stage through the double conveyance of the French and German, and it must be confessed to have strong marks of both,—it has the insipidity of the French, and the heaviness of the German; but the English author (whoever he be) has executed his task well; he has most admirably preserved the spirit of the original; he has felt the fire of a cognate mind; and translated *con amore*: neither the more volatile, nor the grosser particles, have escaped in the transfusion: the insipidity of the French has not evaporated, nor has the heaviness of the German been suffered to precipitate. Considered as a first piece, it is a most miserable performance.

Prince *Sigismund* the hero, and grandson of the great Gustavus, is a fugitive from his

country; having been vanquished by a rival monarch in battle, who usurps his throne; or, we believe (for it is not well explained) interferes with his pretensions to one, and sets a price upon the apprehension of his person.

The play, therefore, is a narrative of the dangers and escapes of *Sigismund*. He is introduced as a *Wanderer* on an island in the Baltic; is protected by a compassionate *Countess*, by whose means he escapes finally to the Danish fleet. And here we cannot but observe upon the want of taste, and all dramatic power, in the construction of the character of *Sigismund*.

Misfortune as exhibited on the stage, unless supported with great dignity and pomp, excites more of disgust than pity; misery, unless in some particular modes of suffering, is almost universally an object of contempt,—there is no dignity in mere sorrow. When Mr. C. Kemble first presents himself, in a ragged coat, in the house of the *Countess*, his appearance, and the style of his character and acting, remind us more of *George Barnwell*, pursued by the Bow-street Officers, than a Prince flying from a successful rival in the field.

Had this piece been brought forward as a Melo Drama we should have treated it with more kindness, but when usurping the place of the regular drama, it deserves every species of reprobation and contempt.

A new Pantomime, called *Harlequin in his Element*, has been brought out at this theatre. It is the manufacture of one of the most useful bards of the day,—in conjunction with his fellow labourers the mechanists and painters, and the ordinary militia of the theatre, the carpenters, scene-shifters, and dressers. In truth, Mr. Dibdin's muse is a perfect *Maid of all Work*; she can turn her hand to any thing, Comedy, Pantomime, Opera, and Melo Drama, and deserves encouragement for her industry if for nothing else.

With respect to this Pantomime, it is better than that of Drury-Lane; but, according to the vulgar phrase—*Bad is the best*.

DRURY-LANE.

On Monday, Dec. 28th, was brought out the expected Pantomine, entitled *Furibond*; *or, Harlequin Negro*.

This piece commences with a view of a coffee-plantation. *Sir Peevish Antique* having visited his possessions in the West Indies, and arranged his affairs, prepares to return to England. The hand of his daughter is solicited by *Furibond*, an enchanter; but she prefers a negro slave, who is changed into Harlequin by the fairy *Benigna*. The scene changes to Greenwich Park, with a view of the river, &c. All the parties are brought to England, where the business of the piece proceeds to the conclusion, which consists in *Furibond's* being consigned to his cell, while Harlequin and Columbine are transported to the palace of the fairy.

We are concerned that we cannot speak of this Pantomime with any degree of praise; its great error is, that the little action which it contains is too sombre. The latter part presented us with a scene of Undertakers, and the anticks of a *dead body*.

For this only, if for nothing else, this Pantomime should have been hissed from the stage. To say the least of it, it was grossly indecorous,—a most barbarous inelegance.

If the anticks of death are ever introduced with effect by our first poets, as they sometimes are, their mirth is always accompanied by a sad moral.—If the King of Terrors smiles, "he grins horribly aghast;" and if mentioned in a sportive mood, he is playing anticks at which angels weep.

This Being, if so he may be called, as embodied by the fancy of poets, is not only too grave, but too sublime, as a subject of trifling, and Pantomime has scope and subjects enough already, without unplumbling the coffins of the dead, and entering into the caverns of real darkness.

Let her keep to her magic: these are sad realities which should convert her CADUCEUS into stone.

THE STAGE.

[*Continued from P. 340, Vol. III.*]

IN order to rectify our opinions, and to enlarge our conceptions of the human mind, we must study its operations in the conduct and deportment of others: we must mingle in society, and observe the manners and characters of mankind, according as casual or unexpected incidents may furnish an opportunity. But the mind, not being an object of the external senses, the temper and inclinations of others can only be known to us by signs either natural or artificial, referring us to our own internal sensations. Thus, we are exposed nearly to the same difficulties as before. We cannot at pleasure call forth the objects of our researches, nor retain them till we have examined their nature. We can know no more of the internal feelings of another, than he expresses by outward signs or language; and consequently he may feel

many emotions which we are unable easily to conceive. Neither can we consider human characters and affections as altogether indifferent to us. They are not mere objects of curiosity; they excite love or hatred, approbation or dislike. But, when the mind is influenced by these affections, and by others that often attend them, the judgment is apt to be biassed, and the force of the principle we contemplate is increased or diminished accordingly. The inquirer must not only beware of external difficulties, but must preserve his heart, both from angry and from kind affection. The maxim, that all men who deliberate about doubtful matters, should divest themselves of hatred, friendship, anger, and compassion, is as applicable in philosophy as in politics.

Since experiments, made by reflecting on our own minds, or by attending to the conduct of others, are liable to difficulty, and consequently to error; we should embrace every assistance that may facilitate and improve them. Were it possible, during the continuance of a violent passion, to seize a faithful impression of its features, and an exact delineation of the images it creates in us, such a valuable copy would guide the philosopher in tracing the perplexed and intricate mazes of metaphysical inquiry. By frequently examining it, every partial consideration, and every feeling tending to mislead his opinions, would be corrected: his conception would be enlarged by discovering passions more or less vehement than his own, or by discovering tempers of a different colour. We judge of mankind by referring their actions to the passions and principles that influence our own behaviour. We have no other guide, since the nature of the passions and faculties of the mind are not discernible by the senses. It may, however, be objected, that according to this hypothesis, those who deduce the conduct of others from malignant passions, and those who are capable of imitating them, must themselves be malignant. The observation is inaccurate. Every man, unless his constitution be defective, inherits the principles of every passion: but no man is the prey of all the passions. Some of them are so feeble in themselves, or rather, so entirely suppressed by the ascendant of others, that they never become principles of action, nor constitute any part of the character. Hence it is the business of culture and education, by giving exercise to virtuous principles, and by rendering them habitual, to bear down their opponents, and so gradually to weaken and wear them out. If we measure the minds of others precisely by our own, as we have formed and fashioned them by habit and education, and make no account of feeble and decaying principles, our theories must necessarily be inadequate. But, by considering the copy and portrait of minds different from our own, and by reflecting on these latent and unexerted principles, augmented and promoted by imagination, we may discover many new tints, and uncommon features. Now, that class of poetical writers that excel by imitating the passions, might contribute in this respect to rectify and enlarge the sentiment of the philosopher: and, if so, they would have the additional merit of conducting us to the temple of truth, by an easier and more agreeable path than of mere metaphysics.

We often confound the writer who imitates the passions, with him who only describes them. Shakespeare imitates, Corneille describes. Poets of the second class, no less than those of the first, may invent the most elegant fictions, may paint the most beautiful imagery, may exhibit situations exceedingly interesting, and conduct their incidents with propriety: their versification may be harmonious, and, above all, their characters may be judiciously composed, partaking of no incongruous qualities, and free from the discord of jarring principles. But the end of dramatic poetry not only requires that the characters be judiciously moulded, and aptly circumstanced, but that every passion be naturally expressed. Perfect imitation can never be effected, unless the poet in some measure become the person he represents, clothe himself with his character, assume his manners, and transfer himself into his situation. The texture of his mind must be exquisitely fine and delicate, susceptible of every feeling, and easily moved by every impression.—Such a Proteus is Shakespeare! he changes himself into every character, and enters easily into every condition of human nature.

H.